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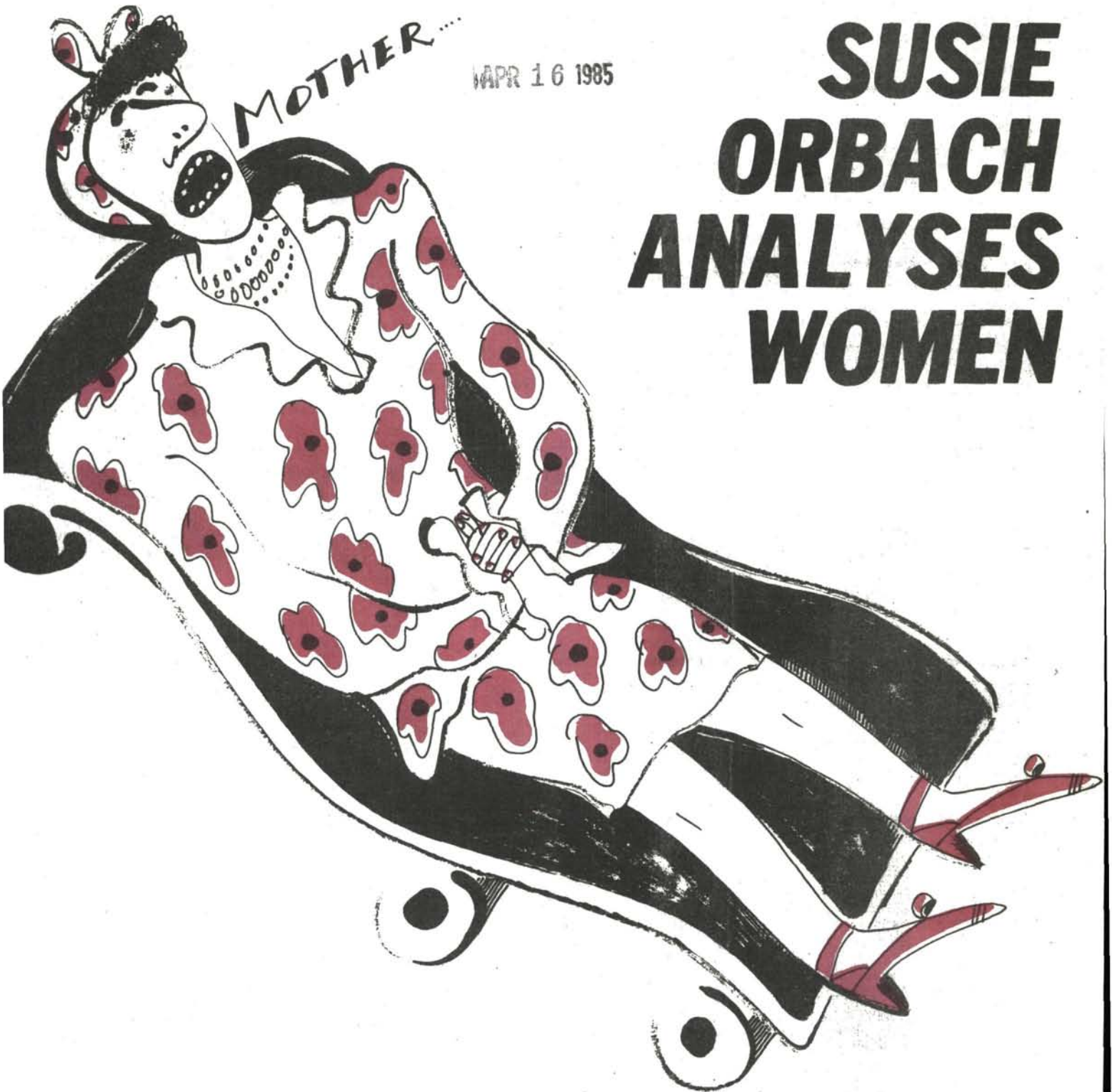

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SUSIE ORBACH ANALYSES WOMEN

PLUS: Institute of Directors • Scottish Libs • Arts • Lebanon and the Diaspora • Books

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New Statesman

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New Statesman

Vol 109 No 2819 29 March 1985

Star Wars, MX and Geneva

'BEWARE OF THE SOUGHT or unsought influence of the military-industrial complex' was President Eisenhower's prophetic farewell warning to the American people. On Tuesday evening it won another major victory, when the House of Representatives followed the Senate in voting the funding for the extra $1.5 billion required to produce another 21 MX intercontinental ballistic missiles.

The Congress was subjected to the most intense White House lobbying on the MX issue — including the President putting the whole of his personal reputation and the American negotiating position with the Russians at Geneva on the line. But it was profits and the prospect of jobs that made the key difference to the key votes. As the growth of the American economy falters, even Congressmen and Senators who understand perfectly well the lunacy of the current nuclear arms race were politically frightened to vote against spending that would bring contracting and subcontracting work to their home states and districts.

In the years since President Eisenhower uttered his warning the political influence of the military-industrial complex has increased way beyond what even he experienced in the White House. First, the American arms industry is now entirely in the private sector. From bullets to ballistic missiles, everything that the American military asks for is researched, developed and made by private industry for profit. Second, the arms industry has spread its sub-contracting the length and breadth of the United States, so that the total ramifications of something like the MX project affect the maximum possible number of communities and provide the maximum opportunity for effective political lobbying.

In combination with MX, President Reagan's so-called Star Wars initiative is in the process of creating a political crisis within the NATO alliance, compared with which the trouble over the deployment of cruise and Pershing II missiles will seem like a tea party. It hinges on the growing realisation, not just on the Left but in the centre and on the Right of European politics that the United States is not serious about arms control negotiation and in the recent past has not been acting in good faith. When Sir Geoffrey Howe and the Conservative President of West Germany each feel the need to call Star Wars into question in public, *after* the Reagan Administration has made it quite clear that the initiative has its total support, it is an early indication of the earthquake that is on the way.

The new twist in the American drive in the arms race has come about because, in addition to the permanent military desire constantly to modernise its toys of mass destruction and the permanent industrial desire to make larger profits, American foreign, defence and disarmament policy has fallen into the hands of the lunatic Right. This lunatic Right fundamentally distrusts the idea of *any* negotiations with the Russians and openly declares that the only *possible* basis for them is a position of overwhelming American superiority in all areas.

It further believes that the strain of the arms race on the creaking Soviet economy is itself a good thing, since it is likely to reduce Soviet capacity abroad and the popularity of the regime at home. Thus for the first time under Reagan we have seen an Administration that is not only sympathetic towards but

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positively embraces the aims and priorities of the military-industrial complex itself.

Until now America's NATO allies have, with greater or lesser enthusiasm, accepted the line that a firm and united stance behind the United States was the only way in which the Russians would be induced to enter into negotiations of substance in Geneva. It was in the name of this solidarity that the British, West German, Italian and Belgian governments took on their respective domestic peace movements over cruise and Pershing. The missiles don't work and their presence anyway seriously destabilises the nuclear balance across central Europe. But deployment on schedule was the symbol of unity.

NOW THE PENNY has dropped that the second track of the infamous 'dual track' decision — serious negotiation supported by the threat of deployment — was not being followed seriously by the Americans. So far as the military-industrial complex was concerned, the dual track concept was merely a smokescreen behind which a modernisation of American missile systems in Western Europe could take place. So far as the lunatic Right in the Administration was concerned, the negotiations in Geneva could be conducted in such a way that lack of substantial progress could be assured and the Russians provoked into leaving the negotiating table.

Now that the Geneva negotiations have resumed, Americans appear to be adopting exactly the same posture — both towards the Russians and towards their European allies. The line has been that Washington needs MX and Star Wars so as to appear strong and resolute at Geneva. The demand is that the allies should support both to show solidarity.

A pretence is made that a clear distinction can be drawn between research and subsequent deployment and that at present we are only talking about the first stage for Star Wars. But all experience is that once a military-industrial project is launched in the United States it takes on a momentum of its own that is unstoppable.(President Carter took a formal decision to kill off the B-1 bomber project, for example, but the military-industrial complex just bided its time). Carrots in the form of possible shared research contract have been crudely dangled before the Europeans to buy support for Star Wars and they are clearly tempting for our own mini-complexes.

Common sense and all history tell us that no Russian government is going to negotiate constructively at Geneva or anywhere else on the basis of an agenda that assumes American superiority. It looks as if the present Administration has no interest in creating conditions in which sufficient account could be taken of Russian inferiority complexes to enable constructive negotiations to begin.

If this is the case, a crack will open between Washington and even its former Conservative supporters in Europe into which Moscow would have no difficulty in driving a wedge. If the Russians simply offered substantial missile withdrawals in Europe in return for the cancellation of the Star Wars project, the increasingly shaken unity of the Atlantic Alliance would collapse in ruins. President Reagan's reduced band of friends in Europe need, for their own sake, to get that message to him fast. □

Standards of conduct in public life, 1985

MR PETER LEVENE is as yet still not exactly a household name. But the affair of his appointment as head of procurement at the Ministry of Defence seems set to become one of those mini-events that mark a watershed in politics.

Put briefly, the way in which his £107,000 a year civil service appointment was made was illegal. There are rules, designed to ensure that the Civil Service does not sink back to Victorian standards of corruption, which require such unusual appointments of business people to public office to be vetted by the Civil Service Commission.

These rules were not observed by the Defence Secretary Mr Heseltine. When this was pointed out to Mrs Thatcher, whose dislike and distrust of the civil service becomes more evident every week, she simply decided to ignore the law. The Cabinet Secretary, Sir Robert Armstrong, was instructed to browbeat the Civil Service Commission into retrospectively rubber-stamping the appointment. Her argument was that unbreakable undertakings had already been made. In making this excuse to Parliament on 18 March, it seems that the Prime Minister again lied. For Mr Levene's contract was not signed until the following day.

The episode shows a contempt for legal and administrative propriety and fits ill with the Thatcherite rhetoric about 'law and order'. But the record of the Thatcher government has been shot through with such episodes. There was the moment when the unhappy John Biffen was required to declare that black was white in order to get Rupert Murdoch's takeover of Times Newspapers exempted from the quite plain legal requirement that it should be referred to the Monopolies Commission.

There was the decision to sink Argentinian shipping outside the 200-mile exclusion zone around the Falklands, although that zone had only just been declared and although the Law Officers were clear in their view that such action was questionable in international law. There was the unilateral tearing up of trade union rights at GCHQ. The new doctrine that the law of the land, the precedents of international law and reasonable expectations of custom and practice do not have to be observed by this government, either in letter or spirit, is a radical departure in British public life. □

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'SERIOUS CRIMES' RAID ANIMAL RIGHTS GROUPS

LAST YEAR the Special Branch managed to secure a copy of a government manual on defecation in the Arctic by dint of searching *NS* journalist Duncan Campbell's home. This year the Serious Crimes squad has gone one better, and got hold of a list of the names and addresses of RSPCA committee members. PATRICK FORBES reports

THE NAMES are normally freely available from the RSPCA. The Squad secured their copy in a raid last Tuesday on the offices of the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection (BUAV) whilst searching for some of the documents used in the recent trial at which the Royal College of Surgeons was successfully prosecuted for cruelty.

The raid looks suspiciously like part of a general trawl in the wake of that case. In addition to the raids on the offices of the BUAV, and the home of its scientific adviser Philip Churchward, the police also made hitherto unreported raids, on the same day on the offices of the Animal Liberation Front and the home of a part-time animal rights activist, Tim Daly.

Police also arrested three men, ALF press officer Ronnie Lee, Tim Daly, and Mike Huskisson, who is unemployed, and one woman, Margaret Manzoni, BUAV office manager. All four were later released, in Lee's case on police bail, a special form of bail which requires his appearance at the police station in three weeks time to learn if he's been charged, but no payment.

The police took away a mass of documentation from both organisations' offices — firstly they returned a list of the MPs who support the BUAV's position on vivisection. Then on Wednesday 27 March they returned some but not all of the remaining BUAV papers. They argued earlier that their retention of such items as Angela Waldor of the BUAV's diary and the offending RSPCA list was simply a function of the amount of material that has been taken.

Obviously the list must have appeared incriminating since it had to be unpinned from the wall before the officer could remove it. The ALF, however, have yet to receive any documents back. ●

Sun lock-out linked to Murdoch plans for *Post*?

THE WEEK-LONG lock-out of the Sun's printworkers and High Court injunction was directly linked to Rupert Murdoch's plans for a new London evening paper, according to the NGA.

News International, owners of the *Sun*, have been unable to reach agreements on manning levels with the NGA and SOGAT over their new plant at Wapping, East London, where Murdoch's new paper, the *Post*, will be produced. Bruce Matthews, managing director of News group, says he isn't 'within 100 miles of getting to a common point'. Murdoch is anxious to secure a deal quickly to ensure the two major plants in Glasgow and East London are operational by November in order to launch his 24-hour, American-style paper.

And so the *Sun*'s production chapels believe the company deliberately provoked a dispute with the NGA and SOGAT to pressurise them into reaching a speedy agreement. 'We believe that's what lay behind this dispute', says John Brown, the *Sun*'s NGA imperial father of chapel.

Management strongly deny this. However, one of their preconditions for negotiations was that News group wouldn't discuss the issue of the Wapping paper. Yet the NGA have never mentioned Wapping nor have they ever asked for it to be on the agenda. The print unions point to a report that just two days before the lock-out the *Sun's* editor, Kelvin McKenzie, told an NUJ member: 'I think there's going to be a lock-out quite soon'.

The dispute resulted in an unprecedented scene at Bouverie Street last Tuesday night, 19 March. Three production chapels were desperately trying to publish the paper because they said they weren't in dispute. At the same time, the *Sun*'s management were telling the journalists to go home and ordered the electricians to turn off the power to prevent the paper being printed.

The industrial sticking point was that management hadn't received an assurance from national NGA officers that production wouldn't be disrupted, despite the fact that the *Sun*'s NGA chapels had already guaranteed normal working. All the production workers were locked out without pay for a week except the electricians and engineers. NGA print-workers believe a similar row could flare up again.

Mark Hollingsworth

ONLY THE RIVERS RUN FREE

A PLUTO Press book, *Only the Rivers Run Free*, which deals with women's oppression in Northern Ireland (above), has been banned for a second time from the all-male Maze prison as a threat to 'good order and discipline'.

Published in September 1984 and first banned from the Maze in October, it's an account of the lives of Protestant and Catholic women caught up in Ireland's war, containing a chapter sharply hostile to the Maze prison authorities' treatment of Republican prisoners during the long-running 'Blanket protest'.

It is this chapter, it is felt, that led to the book being banned from the Maze even though it has widely circulated in Belfast's main remand prison Crumlin Rd.

Cathal O'Donnell

Irish sea to get more plutonium

BRITISH NUCLEAR FUELS plc (BNFL) is planning to discharge another 20-30 kilogrammes of plutonium into the Irish sea over the next ten years from its giant Sellafied nuclear complex on the Cumbrian coast — though the company's major investment in new plant is meant to achieve dramatic reductions in radioactive discharges.

This was admitted by Dr Steve Jones, BNFL's senior health physicist, during the press visit to Sellafield which was publicised in more favourable terms last week. He said that discharges of apha emitters such as plutonium have been cut from a peak of 5000 curies in the mid 1970s to around 400 curies at present, with the aim of reducing them to 200 curies in future years.

But, even if this target is achieved, he concedes that more plutonium will be released, saying that he 'would not dispute' Greenpeace's figure of 20-30 kilogrammes. Sellafield has already discharged at least a quarter of a tonne of plutonium which has found its way all around Britain.

BNFL arranged the press visit in an attempt to forestall some of the bad publicity that will inevitably accompany its appearance in court on 5 June charged in connection with the beach contamination 'incident' in 1983. As part of its major new propaganda effort (see NS 30 November 1984), a party of journalists — including your reporter — were put up in a plush hotel in Keswick, lavishly wined and dined, and then taken on a morning tour of two new plants at Sellafield.

Wearing bright yellow hard hats and clutching notebooks, we were taken through cavernous halls, past deep crystal clear ponds to see lots of large shiny new remote-controlled machines behind thick glass.

The two plants are both due to be completed later this year and both are three years late coming into service. The first was a £315 million spent fuel receipt, storage and decanning plant known as Pond 5; the second was a £126 million Site Ion Exchange Effluent Plant (SIXEP) designed to remove radioactive caesium and strontium from contaminated water before it's discharged into the sea.

Rob Edwards

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RELEASE 'TENSER THAN A HAIL OF BULLETS'

RELEASE, the drugs and legal advice service that grew out of the '60s 'alternative society', faces the threat of closure because internal staff disputes have led to an irreconcilable split in the collective. And its main funding body, the Princedale Trust, has decided that 'it can no longer continue funding the present collective'. CHRISTIAN WOLMAR reports

THE SPLIT has its roots in the departure of three of the most senior staff in the middle of last year. The collective, which a few years ago had 14 full time workers, was then reduced to seven and differences over what type of person should be taken on led to long delays over appointing new workers. The workload was increasing and the pressures on staff were made worse by the fact that they worked a four day week — one of which was taken up by collective meetings — as a way of boosting their £160 per week wages.

The collective polarised essentially into a four-three split. The 'Four' accuse the others of wanting to transform the collective into a hierarchy, of being racist towards the one black member of staff, and of seeking to 'professionalise' the organisation's advice service. One of them, Janet Hunter, says: 'Underlying this row is what sort of organisation we want. The others were seeking to institute notions of seniority into collective discussions, which would make a nonsense of the collective concept, and to abandon part of Release's traditional area of work — its abortions advice service which mainly caters for Spanish and Irish women.'

Jane Goodsir, one of the 'Three', denies all these claims but accepts 'that the process of working at Release had begun to take priority over what the work was and nobody turned up in the morning feeling they could do a proper day's work.'

Things came to a head when both sides approached the Princedale Trust, which controls Release's purse strings but doesn't have any managerial role. The trust's main source of funds is the Home Office which this year gave a £70,000 grant which runs out at the end of this month.

Services disrupted

The trust felt the final straw was when Release's 24 hour emergency phone service — which has for the past 18 years been a vital link for people arrested or with drug problems — was suspended on 6 March. It largely sided with the minority, allocating funds for two of the 'Three', Jane Goodsir and Lyn Perry, to continue to run the emergency phone service, which was re-established after a week's gap.

Pete Mond — otherwise known as Lord Melchett, a Northern Ireland minister in the last Labour government — tells the *NS* as spokesperson for the trustees: 'All the workers will be paid until March and we hope there are sufficient funds to meet all liabilities such as redundancy payments.'

UPP

Confident of revamp — Pete Mond

Now an 'ad hoc steering group' has been set up by a few of the trustees and ex-workers in an attempt to salvage the service. It's meeting twice-weekly and Mond is confident that a revamped organisation will emerge, with a new structure and possibly concentrating on a narrower sphere of work; but with several of the staff likely to be made redundant.

When the trust stopped paying over money, the collective found itself in limbo especially as the office phones were cut off. Janet Hunter considers this 'really unfair of the trust, since we had been operating the service without help from the others for three months.'

But what really went wrong? Roger Lewis, an ex-worker and a trustee, has found the whole affair so unpleasant that 'if I walked into a hail of bullets tomorrow, it would be less of a strain. Collective structures need more work not less. Taking and allocating responsibility is vital and you need a proper management structure. Release never had that.' Janet Hunter feels that 'Release's long term problem is that its natural hippy constituency no longer exists as a reference point. But that doesn't mean its services aren't needed. Quite the opposite.' ●

MISCELLANY

A bare living

The popular prints have noted ICI chief John Harvey-Jones's 68 per cent pay rise to £287,000. Not surprisingly (*writes our Politics of Envy Unit*) they were unable to penetrate the obscure workings of the corporation's share option scheme. Only by comparing ICI's accounts for the last three years is it possible to estimate the value of Harvey-Jones's options. He exercised options on 30,000 shares last year, keeping 5,000 and selling off 25,000. If he did this at the peak price he would have netted £97,750 (nearly doubling his pay rise). He's 'only' got 75,000 options left which at last Friday's close would earn him another £312,650. We haven't finished with the accounts yet. Another obscure paragraph reveals that ICI paid nearly £3 million in pension contributions for executive directors last year (some of this sum goes to past executive directors, but the present ones can expect similar top-ups once they're put out to grass). Between the eight executive directors, including Harvey-Jones, this is worth an average of £359,000 each. Directors' pay (in its various forms) at ICI is no doubt performance-related. Former naval intelligence officer Harvey-Jones is on record as saying that ICI's £1,000 million profits aren't nearly enough. What would his emoluments be if ICI made as much money as it 'should'?

Boxing clever

Judith Cook on the blower to say the plods called in on her on the night of 20 March re *the Hilda Murrell*

mystery to ask 'why the hell I had been making all this fuss?' (New English Library are bringing out her paperback; and she it was who broke the story nationally in the NS *of 9 November last). There was skirmishing in which they asked for Tam Dalyell's 'source'. Honestly, honestly, she said, she had no idea. One plod admitted 'it's the most bizarre case I've seen in my career'. But then came a fine box-watcher's, exchange of insults as tempers frayed, all parties feeling distinctly tired: 'Perhaps you see it as a bit of an Agatha Christie, you see yourself as Miss Marple' said the force. Quick as a flash, 'if that's the way we're going to talk, you', said Cook, 'could do with a few Dalgleishes in the West Mercia constabulary'. Send for Poirot.*

Hayhoe's new seizure

Those sweethearts in Dover customs house, over whom Barney Hayhoe ('I'm in charge') seems to exercise about as much control from the Treasury as Hacker does over *his* officials in *Yes, Minister*, are back in business stopping news-magazines which circulate freely elsewhere in Europe. A seizure notice in respect of *Gai Pied* (No 157), which in France is sold through the State-controlled distribution network, has just been delivered to Gay's the Word bookshop, whose directors and one of whose employees already face committal proceedings on 24 June at the hands of Customs. *Miscellany* asked before (5 October 1984) and asks again: how would Roman Catholic MinState Hayhoe like it if Customs stopped imported Catholic reading? They used to, you know, Barney, they used to. Sir Humphrey will tell you all about it.

Dumsday machine

The Parliamentary Liberal Party have appointed a new press officer, Jim Dumsday, 37, at present editor of Town and Country Planning, *journal of the Town and Country Planning Association. Jim's appointment is something of a surprise; both he and his wife Yvonne — who was until recently a Liberal councillor and on the editorial board of* Pennine *magazine — are active members of CND, a virtue which has already caused Jim a great many problems at work. Once upon a time he was political editor of the* Halifax Evening Courier, *but was demoted to the* Hebden Bridge Times *(a weekly) after 'disagreements' with management over his CND activities; soon after, he left the company. (Fancy, Bernard Ingham, Thatcher's press secretary, went from editor of the* Hebden Bridge Times *to political editor of the* Courier*). The Association of Liberal Councillors, in particular, regard Jim's appointment as an indication that a majority of the PLibP are now willing to accept unilateral nuclear disarmament if it's passed by the Party Assembly in September. It will certainly sour relations with the SDP, as his appointment comes after a statement by the SDP's national committee in* The Social Democratic *(1 March) which said: 'The committee . . . took a strong line on the responsibilities and obligations of Alliance candidates to toe the line on agreed Alliance policy if they wished to fight under the Alliance banner. It should not simply become an automatic label.'*

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'GLEB' MAKES A FOOL OF LAWSONOMICS

NOW THE SEAL of approval of a very sober-sided accountancy firm looks like being put to the proposition that public spending to create jobs costs less than keeping people on the dole. GLEB is coming through with ever more flying colours as the GLC's economics lesson to Lawson. JOHN RENTOUL reports

SET UP by the controlling Labour group at the GLC in 1983, the Greater London Enterprise Board (GLEB) has asked its auditors, Thornton Baker, to work out the cost per job of its investments, which have so far saved or created 2,322 jobs. The draft report comes up with a range of £2,700 — £7,400 per job, varying according to 14 different assumptions.

The most realistic assumptions produce a figure of about £3,500 per job — *half* the average cost to the taxpayer of an unemployed person in benefits and lost taxes, and far lower than the £10,000 per job investment cost which the government has set for its regional grants programme (which cost £35,000 per job before overhaul last November).

Thornton Baker, a conventional and cautious middle-ranking firm, has yet to agree a final version of its enquiry, but is understood to be unlikely to change the broad range of estimates whatever further refinements are made to the assumptions. GLEB has dragged them kicking and screaming to its defence for two reasons:

1. Tory councillors have until now dismissed GLEB's job-creation figures as fiddled, and have suggested that the real cost per job is nearer £12,500
2. GLEB is campaigning for funding after June, since Patrick Jenkin, taking over powers from the GLC last month as Environment secretary, has so far only handed over three months money for the new financial year starting April.

Numbers freshly crunched

Another enfilade by the Tory GLC councillors against GLEB has had Cyril Taylor, their leader, accusing GLEB of 'having 90 per cent of its property standing vacant'. The Thornton Baker draft specifically *excludes* the £12 million GLEB property programme (started in 1984, partly in anticipation of Jenkin) to focus on the £14.5 million of investments.

One of the GLEB auditors' findings is that GLEB-supported projects which in the event have failed and closed down were actually cheaper jobs (while they lasted) than the thriving investments. Excluding London Microtech, GLEB's failures cost only £1,700 per job-year.

GLEB also saved 2,500 jobs without investing — although it used staff time — in cases where enterprises came to it for assistance which they didn't eventually need. The fact that GLEB was involved was enough to keep creditors at bay, while other sources of finance were found or trading recovered. (These jobs aren't counted in the Thornton Baker calculations.) ●

For comparison: £7.500: cost of keeping a couple with two children on the dole for a year (Treasury).

Climax near in battle for Idrish permit

THE RELENTLESS Home Office deportation machinery *continues to move* against Birmingham social worker Muhammad Idrish, despite protests by MPs, peers, the British Council of Churches and his union, NALGO. An appeal hearing on 11 March before a Home Office adjudicator has been adjourned to next Wednesday to hear further evidence.

Idrish came to Britain as a student in 1976 and married three years later. The marriage lasted for two and a half years, and although the Home Office hasn't denied that it was genuine while it lasted, it refused Idrish's application for permanent leave to remain as soon as the couple separated. Idrish having exhausted the appeal channels open to him, the Home Office served a deportation order on him in November — for overstaying his time limit.

On the face of it, Idrish would appear to be a perfect example of someone not to deport. During his time here he has worked voluntarily for the Asian community and until recently was employed by Dr Barnardo's who testified at the recent hearing to the value of his work in view of the large number of black children in their care.

Jolyon Jenkins

INNOCENT WOMEN IN PRISON (4)

IN THE LATEST of our series examining some leading cases of seemingly wrongful imprisonment, where the common factor is that all are women, we look at the case of ELIZABETH THOMPSON. Earlier cases were CAROLINE RICHARDSON (*NS* 15 March), MARGARET LIVESEY (*NS* 1 March) and ANNIE MAGUIRE, now released having completed her sentence (*NS* 22 February).

ON 4 NOVEMBER 1971 Peter Stanswood was stabbed to death. His body was found the following morning in his Austin 1800 at Purbrook Heath, just north of Portsmouth. Four years later, on 14 November 1975, Joseph Fromant and Elizabeth Thompson were jointly found guilty of his murder, and sentenced to life imprisonment. There is no doubt that Fromant was guilty; there is every doubt that Thompson was.

Stanswood was a notorious womaniser. Apart from two children born to him and his wife, Heather, he had fathered at least two more, to different mothers, and a third was born within weeks of his death. His wife, now called Heather Pridham, made no attempt to conceal her dislike of him. Only the weekend before his murder Stanswood had persuaded her to go away with the children while he did building alterations to the house. When she returned, there was no sign of building-work, but several indications (including stained bed-linen) that he had spent the weekend there with a woman lover.

Not that Pridham didn't have affairs of her own. Fromant was one. After a 3½-year police investigation, he and Pridham were arrested and charged with the murder. While awaiting trial, however, Pridham made a statement implicating her close friend, Elizabeth Thompson, in the crime. She had previously made 60 statements to the police, but this was the first time she had mentioned her.

On 14 July 1975, at the committal proceedings, Fromant was sent for trial, but the magistrates ruled that there was no case for Pridham to answer.

She made a second, more detailed statement on 25 July. On the basis of what she then said, Thompson was arrested on 5 August and charged with murder.

PA

Elizabeth Thompson — lawyers distressed

Bizarre role-reversal

By the time of the trial, therefore, the woman originally charged with the crime had become the chief prosecution witness. Her evidence was that she had wanted her husband dead, and that Thompson and Fromant had agreed to kill him for her. Thompson's Q.C., John Platts-Mills, did not dispute the details of her testimony, but argued that the roles had been reversed, and that the reason Pridham could relate so much about the circumstances of the murder was that it was she who had acted in concert with Fromant; they were, after all, lovers.

Pridham's alibi for the crime was that on that evening she had taken her children to the cinema, but the police were unable to substantiate this. There was no evidence, whether forensic or otherwise, which linked Thompson with the scene of the crime, whereas Fromant's blood — it was a rare group — had been found in the car.

At the trial, Fromant explained this by alleging that Thompson had carried out the murder, and that he had tried to prevent it. Parts of his story were contradicted by other evidence, but the kernel of it was contradicted by logic.

Stanswood received seven wounds. Any one of six would have been potentially fatal. When the knife was removed from the body, it was found to be bent and broken at the hilt, such had been the force of the attack. There were no signs of a struggle. Stanswood stood over 6' and weighed 13 stone; Thompson was 5' 4" and weighed about eight stone.

The notion that she could have inflicted wounds of such severity while the victim made no apparent attempt to defend himself is patently absurd. Yet that is presumably exactly what at least two members of the jury must have believed. The verdict against Thompson was unanimous, but Fromant was convicted on a 10-2 majority.

Thompson's counsel, Platts-Mills and Ian Peddie, were distressed by the trial's outcome. Peddie told the *NS* that the moments after the verdicts had been given were 'the worst in my career at the Bar — it was so obviously a travesty of justice'. He and Platts-Mills lodged a petition with the Home Office, and were received there in March 1980 by the minister of state who was, coincidentally, Leon Brittan, the present Home Secretary.

Thompson, however, has remained in prison. She is in Cookhamwood, Kent, hoping for an early release date.

Bob Woffinden

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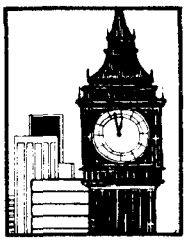

PETER KELLNER

Normal politics will be resumed as soon as possible

I WOULD NOT — yet — suggest that the government is in serious trouble; but there are straws in the wind:

● Last week's budget quietly buried Mrs Thatcher's most important 1979 manifesto pledge — that government spending as a share of total output should fall. That share was just under 40 per cent when the Conservatives came to power; in 1987/88, on the latest official projections (revised upwards since last year), the figure will still be 42 per cent.

To be sure, this represents a reduction from 46 per cent — the level reached during the worst years of the recession — but Mrs Thatcher has consistently blamed that on cyclical factors. On the government's own forecasts, and by ministers' own rhetoric, there will have been six years of 'sustained growth' by the end of this Parliament. Already, according to a post-budget analysis by the stockbrokers Philips & Drew, this year's public spending is some 18 per cent — or £25 billion — higher than intended when the Medium Term Financial Strategy was first unveiled in 1980.

Ministers cannot have it both ways: either the economy is now flourishing, in which case the government's inability to achieve its spending target set in 1979 is a significant ideological set-back — or the high spending is explained by the three million plus army of unemployed people, in which case claims of sustained recovery sound pretty hollow.

● Almost every week new evidence arrives to demolish the theoretical basis on which the government's economic policies are based. Just three days after last week's budget, Professor Robert Gordon, an American and one of the bigger names in international macroeconomics, presented his latest findings to the Centre for Economic Policy Research in London. He argued that wage levels in industry may have contributed to unemployment in a number of countries in the mid-1970s, but they do not today. So Nigel Lawson's attempt to 'price people into lower paid jobs' tackles a problem that no longer exists.

Another recent study, commissioned by the OECD in Paris, suggests that Britain's real problem is not a 'sticky' labour market, but low investment and a worsening shortage of capital. Which is what the government's critics have been arguing all along.

● The opinion polls show declining support for the Conservatives and a marked increase since last autumn in the numbers dissatisfied with the government and the Prime Minister. The trend is particularly marked in Scotland, where the latest System Three poll for the *Glasgow Herald* shows Labour, at 47 per cent, way ahead of the Alliance (20), with the Conservatives now — just — running third (19); the SNP's share, at 14 per cent has remained stable.

On these figures, the Tories would lose 17 of their 21 MPs north of the border. One of those to go would be George Younger, the Scottish Secretary, who would lose Ayr. It sounds like one of those fanciful calculations that give opinion polls a bad name — but last week Labour captured a seat on Strathclyde Regional Council from the Tories, overturning a 1,582 majority in the process. The ward, North Kyle, is in Younger's constituency.

One reason for Tory unpopularity in Scotland is that, unlike in England, property revaluation has been taking place and many people are facing huge rate increases. One man who has angrily severed his connections with the Tories this month over this issue is Jim Neil, former Conservative group leader on Paisley Council. Not a stunning event in itself, admittedy, but I can't help wishing I were a fly on the wall the next time Neil has a political discussion with his younger brother, Andrew, the editor of the *Sunday Times*.

TO REPEAT: these are, as yet, no more than straws in the wind. Others may be detected, such as the government's failure to gain political capital from the end of the coal strike and the cool reception Lawson received last weekend from the Conservative Central Council in Newcastle. Yet for all this, there is no sign of Mrs Thatcher being seriously challenged for her job. The SS Thatcherism may be heading into choppy waters, but its captain remains at the helm.

But what course is she steering? To be more specific, is Thatcher still a Thatcherite? Her opponents — both on the Tory benches and in the opposition parties — still portray her as a prisoner of supply-side dogma. Lawson fed this illusion in his budget speech. But it remains an illusion. The pragmatists are now in the ascendant. The recognition that public spending will continue to grow; the shelving of any attempt to reform the rating system; Lawson's retreat from his earlier intention to remove glaring distortions in the tax system, such as the benefits enjoyed by pension funds; the growing intervention in the pricing policies of nationalised industries — these all go firmly against the notion that this government's mission is to leave people to make their own decisions, free from instruction or bribery by Whitehall.

Even those 'Thatcherite' policies which have gone ahead have had mixed success. The attempt to abolish the GLC and metropolitan county councils, and so bring local government 'closer to the people' as we were promised, has backfired disastrously. It has made ministers look inept, given the House of Lords renewed life as a protector of liberties against an authoritarian executive and reduced Ken Livingstone's enemies to a minority of Tory right-wingers and, now, Labour left-wingers.

Privatisation has not gone too well, either. For different reasons, each flotation has verged on farce. Unless the sale of British Airways goes well (by which I mean without its shares being either massively oversubscribed or left largely with the underwriters), the Conservatives will have great difficulty presenting privatisation at the next election as one of the great successes of the Thatcher ministry.

Any ideologically committed right-winger must look at this record and conclude about free market economics — as Mahatma Gandhi said when asked what he thought about British civilisation — 'it would be a good idea'. On her own terms, Thatcher has failed as comprehensively as Prime Minister.

Her own terms, however, are not, on the whole, those of the electorate. A mountain of polling evidence can be produced to show that few people dream of some Thatcherite free market paradise when they vote Conservative. Instead they look to more general images of each party and its leader. Policies still matter, but mainly in the context of the perceived competence of each party. In the 1983 general election, Labour was thought to have the best *policies* on unemployment, but more people thought the Tories were to be *trusted most* to take the right decisions about it.

What I believe is now happening is not that the Tories are paying the price for ideological retreat, but that they are suffering for the much more conventional reason that their economic policies are being seen to have failed. If anything, 'Thatcherism' — as a public perception, rather than an ideology — is probably a vote-gainer rather than a vote-loser: things like council house sales, the freedom to buy spectacles wherever you want and the ability to buy a wide variety of telephones in the high street.

But the larger political forces are now working the other way. For four years — from the birth of the SDP, through the Falklands war and the 1983 general election to the end of the miners' strike — British politics has been affected by a series of distortions, all of which hurt Labour and most of which helped the Conservatives. Normality now seems to be returning and those straws in the wind are at least blowing in the right direction. □

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KEEPING TORYISM TO THE RIGHT

Since its days as a business owners' club, the Institute of Directors has now become one of the most vociferous ideologues of the New Right. John Rentoul examines its role

THE NEW RIGHT came in from the cold last year when the Institute of Directors appointed as its head Sir John Hoskyns, the former head of Mrs Thatcher's policy unit. His move reflects the central position the Institute now occupies in the crowded arena of pressure groups influencing government policy-making.

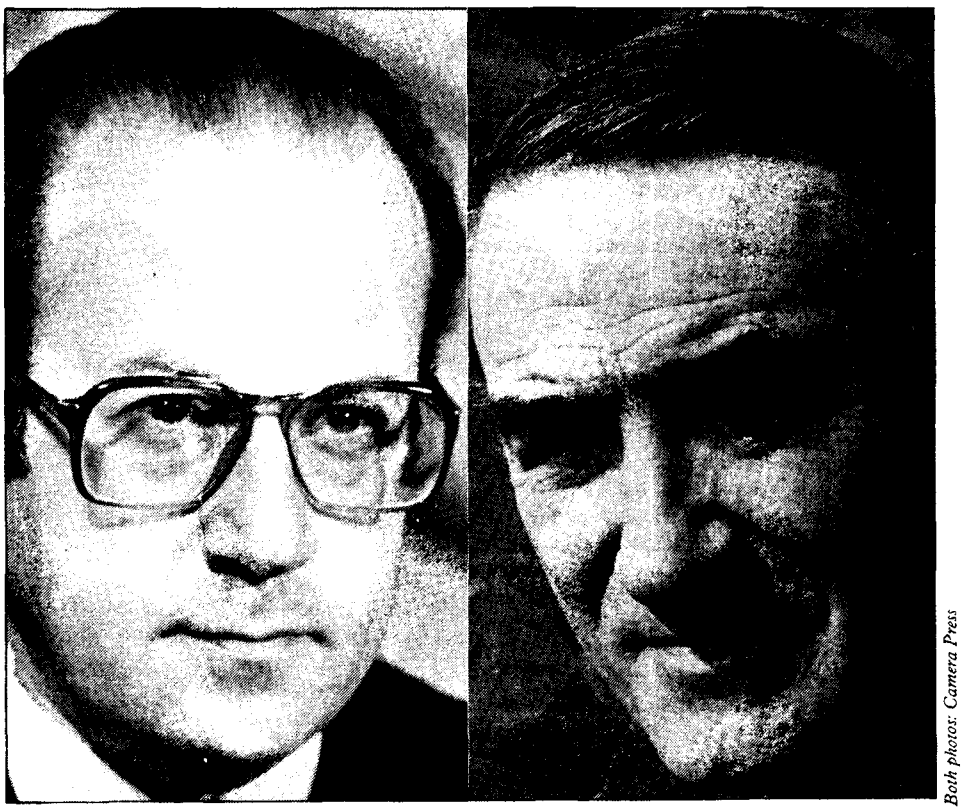
Until 1979 the Confederation of British Industry (CBI) had always been recognised as the legitimate representative of the 'business interest', and had an important role in the machinery of consultation between government, trade unions and employers. Hoskyns's predecessor at the Institute of Directors, the flamboyant Wally Goldsmith, hit the headlines by attacking the CBI for being too enmeshed in the 'failed' post-war consensus. Goldsmith's arrival at the Institute coincided with the election of a Conservative government who similarly rejected the 'corporate state.'

The Institute began to compete with the CBI as a legitimate 'interest group', and during the Thatcher administration its membership rose by 4,500, while the CBI — which has corporate rather than individual membership — has suffered some humiliating disaffiliations (such as Trafalgar House and Babcock International in 1980).

Until 1975, the Institute of Directors was a sleepy Belgravia club that had played a role in the campaign against nationalisation in the 1950s. It was known, if at all, only for the Albert Hall 'rally' which it held annually since 1949. Its resurgence began with a new director general, Jan Hildreth, in 1975, when according to one of the staff 'profit really *was* a dirty word'. But the free-market Right was beginning to regroup in Aims of Industry and other pressure groups, and the Institute was able to respond more quickly than the CBI to the changing political climate.

Goldsmith made the Institute a rallying point for free-market ideas, which appealed successfully to the anti-union aggression of 'small businessmen' and to individual right-wingers on the boards of larger companies, hitherto isolated and uncertain.

'At different stages different bodies wax and wane,' observes Graham Mather, head of the Institute's policy unit. Until the election in 1979 the Centre for Policy Studies (set up by Keith Joseph in 1974) was the most important radical 'think tank' for the Thatcher party leadership, outflanking the 'Heathite' party Research Department. After coming to power Mrs Thatcher used the Downing Street policy unit, initially under Hoskyns, to buttress her government's position with 'independent' input. Hoskyns left in 1982, disillusioned with what he saw as the political inertia of civil servants and MPs.



Both photos: Camera Press

Left: Walter Goldsmith attacked 'social engineering'; right: Sir John Hoskyns propagates the new business ethos

Hoskyns is a product of Winchester College, the Rifle Brigade and US non-union computer giant, IBM. In 1964, he set up his own computer company which he sold in 1975. He was a Labour voter until 1970, when 'I began to be a sort of prototype SDP man'. He became more right-wing 'simply as a result of running my own business.' Like many right-wing ideologues though, his politics seem motivated by his antipathy to earlier social democratic beliefs. Today, he deals with the old policy problems of social justice and equality by simply ignoring them, preferring an idealised view of a society of competing, equal individuals — the business owner's morality.

His sort of individualistic 'professionalism' means the end of trade unions as we know them, and it's an attitude Hoskyns believes is shared by, for example, Ian MacGregor. 'Steelworkers' whole attitude has changed, and [now] they talk like professional steel makers, they don't talk class war. Ian obviously hopes that he will be able to do that with the coal industry and he may well do.'

But Hoskyns has been 'disappointed' by the government's handling of the coal strike. 'We could have made sure that the strike was about other changes which would open up the industry to competition and thus be more likely to deliver value-for-money,' he says. 'But all they've done is go back to the *status quo ante* of a highly protected, inefficient industry, which costs the taxpayer £1.3 billion a year.' MacGregor was a star attraction at the Institute's annual rally at the Albert Hall in February, where he made what the *Financial Times* called 'a powerful plea for wage flexibility', meaning lower wage increases to create jobs.

In a series of three long articles in *The Times* (11-13 February), Hoskyns gave notice that he regarded the defeat of the miners as merely regaining lost ground, and laid out the real programme for trade union reform. He wants to see collective bargaining replaced by individually negotiated contracts of employment, and unions reduced to the status of 'a sort of 21st-century friendly society' concerned with training, advice and unemployment insurance.

He criticises Mrs Thatcher's government for 'not realising that people aren't stupid. The old model is that governments are all-knowing and all-wise and must never admit they got anything wrong. It's rather like yesterday's style of managament where you never talked to anybody, you just barked orders.' There aren't many companies like that now, he says. 'There may be some "sunset" businesses of that kind, but certainly in the "sunrise" businesses it's

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much more like the Special Air Service than the Brigade of Guards.' And what's the SAS like? 'People actually know each other and they talk and they're relaxed, but underneath there is a high level of mutual professional trust and competence.'

Yet earlier on in our interview Hoskyns said that the Institute was there for lonely directors to talk to: 'Very often you find in a small company — or even sometimes in a big company — that the people at the top never have anybody they can really talk to. They can't share their problems with people below them very easily — it's psychologically or organisationally difficult — they want someone who's been around, a fairly battle-scarred veteran who they can chew the fat with.' It sounds very much like the Brigade of Guards.

AFTER HOSKYNS left the Downing Street policy unit in 1982, frustrated by Mrs Thatcher's cautious unwillingess to challenge Whitehall chiefs, he was asked to run the Central Policy Review Staff. He turned it down, and the 'Think Tank' was abolished.

A source close to Downing Street says: 'Hoskyns has rather upset the Prime Minister, having established himself since he left as a radical critic of the bureaucratic machine which she left untouched. The policy unit has become very much part of the Whitehall machine, with a high degree of specialisation, an emphasis on day-to-day work and a too cosy relationship with Whitehall departments. Hoskyns was more strategic; the policy unit was originally a means of bringing ideas in from outside Whitehall.'

Hoskyns's frustrations with Whitehall fit in with the 'betrayal theory' already popular at the Institute. This thesis is the mirror image of that of the Labour Party's hard Left: politicians have lacked will and failed to put into practice the policies they promised.

The Institute has explicitly seen its role as holding the government to manifesto commitments, such as action on strikes in 'essential' services, and other objectives occasionally outlined by ministers in their less far-seeing moments, such as action on rates and the promise of tax cuts. It sees itself as the radical conscience of the government, and boasts of its contacts with ministers. Goldsmith says: 'It's often been said by senior government ministers that our support was invaluable when the going got tough in the Cabinet.'

Because the Institute represents the interests of individual directors and small businessmen, it can ask to be consulted by the government over relevant legislation. This gives it the edge over bodies that are purely pressure groups, such as the right-wing think-tank Adam Smith Institute or groups inside the Conservative Party like the Bow Group.

The Institute scored several lobbying successes in Mrs Thatcher's first term. One was the setting up of enterprise zones, an idea that originated with the Adam Smith Institute, the disastrous failure of which is blamed on civil servants changing the emphasis from boosting success to arresting dereliction. (The real reasons owes more to the incentive for old firms to move rather than new ones to start up.) Graham Mather also claims the Institute was the first body to suggest, to a disbelieving world, that the government could raise £10 billion in five years from privatisation.

BUT NOW the Institute is engaged on a much more formidable project: setting up a Downing Street policy unit in exile to force the pace of radical change and set the agenda for the next election. For Hoskyns, the Institute provides just the sort of power base he needs to continue his campaign for radical strategic thinking — successfully stifled, he believes, by civil servants inside the machine.

The Institute's power base is a membership of some 24,000 British company directors, with a further 7,000 international members. The Institute now claims at least one member on the boards of 95 of the top 100 British companies, and members on the boards of companies employing a total of over 10 million people. Three-quarters of the Institute's membership are company chairpersons or managing directors, with a bias towards manufacturing industry and larger companies.

The Institute has a spurious 'shirtsleeves' style and makes much of its supposed closeness to the everyday concerns of hard-pressed entrepreneurs. But Graham Mather, for example, came from a firm of City solicitors. Andrew Curry, who heads the Institute's policy work on employment law, is a civil servant, not a business person. He joined from John Selwyn Gummer's private office in the Department of Employment last year. And Hoskyns himself sold his computer company 10 years ago and has been an ideologue nearly full-time since (he has held some *non*-executive directorships since 1975).

While Institute officials stress their role is to provide professional services to members, they are more interested in defending these members' interests in the abstract. In fact, the Institute is a power base for the assailants on social democracy. Goldsmith, when he wasn't making controversial attacks on the CBI, was famous for his attacks on the European Community. He still says the European Commission is 'overly concerned with social engineering, not creating jobs'. Although the really damaging campaigning against the Vredeling directive (requiring large companies to consult workers over their plans) was conducted by the UK multinationals, the Institute played a role in alerting British 'business opinion'. Goldsmith says the directive was based on 'a misunderstanding about the nature and degree of leadership and consultation in companies. It would have been handing back consultation rights to people as trade unionists rather than as employees.'

The Institute has always been hostile to employment protection legislation. If it did not persuade the government to increase the period in work to qualify for the right to claim unfair dismissal (first from six months to a year and now in the budget to two years), it certainly helped create the climate in which this was possible.

Head of the Institute's policy unit, Graham Mather, says it is explicitly in favour of the 'privatisation of employment rights', by which he means individual contracts of employment specifying terms and conditions. It needs little imagination to know what this would mean for the vast majority of ordinary manual, semi-skilled and clerical workers, notwithstanding Hoskyns's cant about 'treating people as adults'.

For the government, the Institute can be useful as a propaganda arm in industry. Before this month's budget, the CBI confirmed its collectivist tendencies by calling for mild reflection and greater public spending on infrastructure, while the Institute argued for tax-cutting. This week's report on the deregulation of small business (described inevitably as 'proposals for cutting red tape') will owe something to Institute pressure. The Institute has been instrumental in the agitation on the Tory backbenches against wages councils.

BUT THE Institute is also concerned to extend libertarianism from the economic to the moral and social spheres. It has a presence on the Fowler 'welfare state' review committees which cannot be justified by its role as an 'interest group'. Basil Collins, a fellow of the Institute, and Parry Rogers, who is a council member and chairs the Institute's employment committee, were not 'representing' the Institute but they are prominent figures in it. The Institute's preference for insurance-based benefits systems does not augur well for publication of the reviews expected in April.

In a sense Hoskyns regards the forward march against collectivism as temporarily halted, and is trying to begin the 'long process of winning in advance the new consensus — I don't think the government's going to be able to do much more than that before the next election. The question really is what would you do in a third term, what sort of mandate would you need?' □

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CAMPS FOR CITY KIDS

Chrys Salt celebrates 60 years of The Woodcraft Folk, more of an alternative than a workers' society

1985 IS NOT ONLY, as we all know by now, International Youth Year, but also the 60th birthday of a growing progressive children's organisation called The Woodcraft Folk. Founded by ex-scout Leslie Paul and others as a reaction to what he felt then was the militarism, sexual exclusivity and undemocratic nature of the 'establishment' Scouts, the Folk has become a secure and respected part of the Youth Service, the umbrella of youth organisations. It prides itself on its co-educational approach with a programme encouraging outdoor activities, camping, working for peace and social progress. With its motto 'Span the world with friendship', it encourages mass attendance at international camps held both here and abroad.

Drawn initially from a small band of artisans' children from a single road in Lee, SE London, the Folk attracted enthusiastic support from the Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society which subsequently sponsored more groups in the RAC's area, running from New Malden to Erith. Other Co-operative societies followed suit and by 1930 the Folk had 677 members. By this time groups had been formed in many areas of London. 1932 saw the Folk increase its membership to 1,014, laying the foundations for a national organisation that today boasts over 500 groups with a membership of over 16,000, despite dwindling during the war years to a handful of groups.

Although the organisation now also receives money from the Department of Education and Science, its links with the co-operative movement remain strong and it is the 'co-operative ideal' that has dominated its ideology from the very beginning.

When it was first formed in the mid-1920s there was an overwhelming need for a children's organisation that combined a social service with progressive views. 'The subscription register used to have 'U's in the column. I think 17 out of 20 of the youngsters had a 'U' in the register which meant that their parents were unemployed. A halfpenny a week couldn't be afforded — but the kids still came to the groups, and somehow or other we got them to camp', says Wally Poole, one of the second generation of Folk.

CAMPING WAS, and still is, the main Folk activity, offering a much needed alternative to urban squalor for working-class kids who never get a holiday; introducing them to the 'wonders of nature' and the 'great outdoors'.

Since its foundation the Folk has embodied the political views we have come to associate more with William Morris than the 'official' labour movement. In the rest of Europe holiday camps for children founded by Trade Unions have long since been an accepted way of life; but here 'the Folk had Labour Party pioneers who tried to get recognition and that was it. The only financial recognition has been from the Co-op.'

Camps are co-operative communities in miniature, where the ethic of socialism is acted out in isolation from a society that encourages competition and greed. But in its early days the Folk provided lots of 'extras' that were not on offer at the Brick Street Elementary; materials for art and craft work, folk dancing, singing, environmental and political (with a small 'p') education and perhaps even an opportunity to camp abroad (funded by raffles, fetes and jumble sales) and to feel a part of that mystical 'world family'.

'We were captivated by a simple society, a more rural society', recollects Leslie Paul. 'We hated towns and we rather hated industry. We were attracted to a kind of William Morris socialism. . . if you wanted to change society you'd first got to change men and women. And we thought we'd make a start with the youngsters. . .'. To this end the use of ritual and ceremony grew with the movement — a typical Folk response to the 'parade and orders' brigade. There was a Morning Cry, a Naming Ceremony, a Ceremony of the Lighting of the Fire, a Leavetake Ceremony (ceremonies still in use in the more traditional groups) and even a Seizing Ceremony (now abandoned).

> I seize and hold the land
> Against the day
> When the land shall be regathered
> Unto the people it nurtured. . .

'From an educational point of view (writes Leslie Paul in *The Folk Trail*, 1929) ceremonies are invaluable; we can, in ritual, clothe our ideals in phrases that cling and linger in the mind and imbue the (child) with the ideals that are part of Folk life'. Many recent members, by contrast, now scorn ceremonies as dated and irrelevant.

'The people who wrote those original customs. . . well they must have found it quite easy to remember the beginning of the century some of them. . . they must have been almost Victorian in their outlook. I long to see things change and become more suited to a modern movement', says an older — but more progressive — woman long since involved in the Folk.

UNDOUBTEDLY, THE Folk's 'working-class' constituency and the needs of its membership *are* changing. Increased affluence and the spread of progressive ideals to some education authorities mean that its early provisions are no longer unique. But its educational programme persists and increasing numbers of parents, it seems, are choosing the Folk as the only significant progressive youth organisation for their children in Britain. This has been especially true since the resurgence of CND. Parents look to the Folk to reinforce their own values of co-operation, community spirit and anti-militarism.

'We can separate ourselves off in a field, on a camp site, in a hostel, and we can actually live in a co-operative fashion. And I think it is only through living it out for a week or two weeks that we really find out what can be achieved in a co-operative approach to living. And what a delight it is. Where else can you send your kids for that?'.

'Of course the Folk cannot by itself change the world in which we live, but it can offer a lifeline and hope to thousands of young people who can see that we can, by our own efforts, improve the society in which we live, and "fashion a world as we would like it to be,",' says Doug Bourn, Woodcraft Folk 1985 National Secretary.

His vision is still akin to that of William

Sally & Richard Greenhill

Not the Boy Scouts — but holding on to ritual

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Morris, and the Folk remains largely unchanged over 60 years. But is that vision merely a romantic throwback to a pre-industrial age? As well as longing to create pockets of a 'new society' the problem of the Folk now is whether or not the Welfare State, television and package holidays have taken over several of its functions, confining its appeal to the children of parents who already support their ideals. Preaching to the converted is not a recipe for growth. Clearly, the Folk needs to adapt in order to survive. □

Chrys Salt's book We Are of One Blood: Memories of the First 60 Years of The Woodcraft Folk *is available either from CRS, London Region, or The Woodcraft Folk, 13 Ritherdon Road, London SW17, priced £1.50 + p&p.*

TRANSPORT

BUSES CRAWL TO A STOP

Mick Hamer reports on the false economics of sacking conductors

SIX THOUSAND bus conductors are to be axed by London Regional Transport, in a new drive to cut cost. As a result bus services will become slower and less reliable. People struggling with prams or heavy shopping will find no one to help them onto a bus. And one of London's major tourist attractions, the double deck bus with a rear platform, as seen on souvenirs all over the world, will disappear from the city's streets.

Conductors started to disappear in the late 1960s. The original plan was to convert all London's buses to one person operation (OPO). But the conversion was halted in 1978 because OPO buses were less reliable and tended to cause traffic congestion. Currently just over half of London's bus routes (53 per cent) are OPO run, most of them in the suburbs, where traffic is lighter. Most double deck buses running through central London have a conductor, and almost all of these buses are the traditional type, with a platform at the rear — the familiar Routemasters.

When transport secretary Nicholas Ridley took over London Regional Transport last year he issued an order that the costs of running buses should be cut. The present plan is to raise the proportion of OPO services to 65 per cent by next year. An internal document gives a date of 1988 for 75 per cent OPO, and the target for complete conversion is 1992. Even the intermediate levels will cause considerable disruption to the travelling public.

On OPO buses passengers have to buy a ticket, or show a pass as they board. It takes each passenger between 3.8 and 5.5 seconds to board. But it takes just over a second to board a Routemaster, where the conductor collects fares. In the last round of conversions the journey for an OPO bus was 10 per cent slower than for a Routemaster, but the timetable allowed a 25 per cent reduction in speed because of increased unreliability.

But passengers will also have a longer wait for an OPO bus to arrive. Five of the slow OPO buses are needed to replace four Routemasters if the same frequency is to be maintained. Since Ridley's only interest is in cutting costs the frequency of services converted to OPO is

Titan to rule the roads

bound to drop. And the slow moving, longer-stopping OPO buses will increase traffic congestion.

OPO buses are unpopular amongst passengers, and not just because they are slow and infrequent. A report published earlier this month, carried out by Oxford University's Transport Studies Unit, shows that many passengers experience difficulties and danger in travelling on OPO buses. The unit carried out a number of detailed interviews with staff and passengers.

Conductors won praise for helping people with children: 'some of them pride themselves on how quickly they can whip a buggy off the bus.' (People can sometimes get separated from children on an OPO bus, if they get caught on the wrong side of the doors.) OPO buses also lost marks for security. Many women said that it was dangerous to go upstairs on an OPO bus. The report says: 'Several women simply would not go upstairs at all, treating it as a no-go area of noise, smoke, violence, or the threat of violence.'

Women will also suffer from the loss of employment. About one fifth of the conductors on the buses are women but only one per cent of drivers are female. Yet the Oxford study found that many people thought that women made better bus drivers than men.

The financial argument for OPO buses is equally underwhelming. OPO buses are cheaper to run, per mile, but conversion to OPO is poor value for money. London Regional Transport says that converting all its buses to OPO will save the community £4 million a year (compared with a direct cash saving to London Regional Transport of £25 million). But it has to fiddle its figures to get this result. The key assumption in its figures is that it can reduce the average boarding time to 2.5 seconds per passenger. It is an unlikely assumption, to say the least, given the number of tourists asking the way in central London, and the number of elderly people who use buses — especially if there is no conductor to help.

Without this fiddle factor, converting London's buses to OPO would make a thumping loss. □

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SAFE IN A ROTTEN BOROUGH

It's a big week for David Steel, the man who wins the polls as Mr Nice and Clean. But back home in his Borders parliamentary constituency, as Rob Edwards discovers, the politics are less than honourable

THE LEADER of the Liberal Party David Steel is having a busy and exciting week. Last weekend he celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his election as a Member of Parliament for the Borders area of Scotland at a special gala dinner in Galashiels. He is due to give an important speech this Friday at the Scottish Liberal Party annual conference in Inverness. On Sunday it is his forty-seventh birthday and, to cap it all, *David Steel's Border Country*, a kind of glossy coffee-table tourist guide, has hit the bookshops.

But back home in his parliamentary constituency — now known as Tweeddale, Ettrick and Lauderdale — something is rotten. Senior members of his constituency Liberal Association, including the chairman and his full-time political agent, have deliberately concealed their political allegiance by standing as local authority councillors without any political label. Election leaflets in support of two of these 'independent' councillors who are actually Liberal Party members have disguised the fact that they were printed by the Liberal Party.

In Ettrick and Lauderdale — one of the two district councils contained in Steel's constituency — Liberal Party members effectively control the council, although not a single councillor stood on a Liberal ticket at the last district elections. In the other district council, Tweeddale, according to David Steel, the majority of all its 10 'independent' councillors are Liberal supporters.

The extraordinary reluctance of Steel's political colleagues to be honest about their political affiliations has understandably infuriated their would-be Alliance partners, the local Social Democratic Party. Relations have so deteriorated that the SDP has seriously considered putting up candidates against known 'independent' Liberals in order to force them to show their political colours. There are even suspicions amongst some senior SDP activists that Steel himself acquiesces in his colleagues' behaviour 'so that they are easier to manage', meaning he wants no internal disputes or friction.

THE MAN at the centre of the controversy is Mr Riddle Dumble, who has been David Steel's agent for 15 years. He was a Liberal regional councillor for the Borders between 1974 and 1978 and stood again as a Liberal in 1982 but lost. Apparently deciding that he had more chance of success as an 'independent', in November last year he stood without any party ticket at a by-election and was elected onto the region. He has also been an 'independent' Ettrick and Lauderdale district councillor since 1979, most recently re-elected in May 1984 without any party ticket. He works full-time from the local Liberal Party's offices which are located in the council chambers in Galashiels and which are rented from Ettrick and Lauderdale district council.

It was the discussion of this arrangement at a private session of the full district council last June that flushed out the closet Liberals. Seven of the council's 13 'independent' councillors declared an interest as members of the Liberal Party and left the room. They were: provost and council chair, Drew Tulley; Liberal constituency chair, Jim Grant; parks and recreation committee chair, Alex Scott; Melrose branch Liberal chair, John Barron; Jim Mather; Mary Bryson and Dumble himself. The chair of the housing committee, Councillor Alec Turnball, is also, according to Dumble, a 'paid-up member' of the Liberal Party but it seems he was not present at the June council meeting. That means that a total of eight of Ettrick and Lauderdale's 16 councillors are in fact Liberals. The key eight-person policy and finance committee is controlled by Liberals.

The Liberal Party is not the only party to hide its identity. One 'independent' councillor on Ettrick and Lauderdale council previously stood as a Tory parliamentary candidate, another is suspected of Tory sympathies and a third is said to have Scottish nationalist leanings. There is one self-styled Tory and two Labour councillors, leaving at most two genuine 'independents'. But adopting the Tory rural tradition is hardly a good advertisement for Liberal politics.

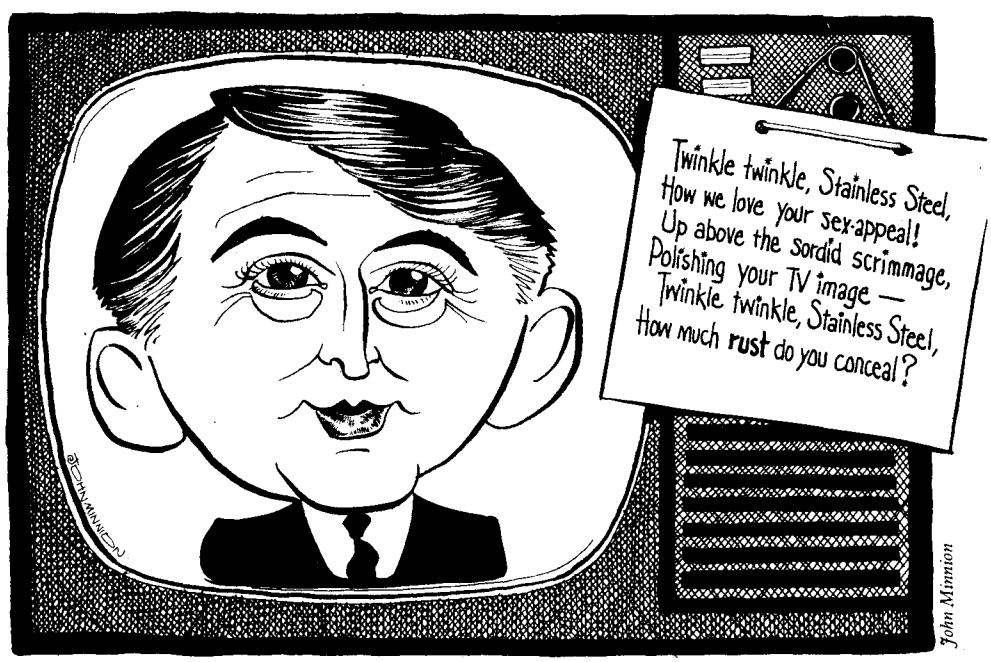
At the district council elections last May, the local Labour Party mounted a major campaign for the first time in Ettrick and Lauderdale. This forced two of the concealed Liberals, Grant and Mather, actually to fight for election rather than being elected unopposed (11 of Ettrick and Lauderdale's 16 councillors were elected without a contest. Some of their (remarkably similar) campaign leaflets, which promoted them simply as individuals, said at the bottom that they were printed by a mysterious organisation called 'TELLA'.

Although, as Dumble admitted to the *New Statesman*, this probably would have meant nothing to most electors, its significance did belatedly dawn on local Labour activists. 'TELLA' was the acronym for Tweeddale, Ettrick and Lauderdale Liberal Association.

LOCAL LIBERALS defend this kind of behaviour with a curious argument: party politics, they say, should be kept out of local government. 'The situation in local government level is entirely different from the situation in Parliament', says Dumble, pointing to the much lower turn-outs for local elections. Elected councillors, he believes, should be competent to represent the wishes of their electorate positively and fairly as individuals without reference to a local political party. He has attacked the Labour Party for having the temerity to try and 'widen the party political representation in local government at district council level'.

If the Liberal councillors were genuine independents his argument might be more convincing (though even independents have political beliefs which can, one supposes, be identified). But the use of the term here seems to conceal from the electorate more than it reveals, its purpose being to win power. David Steel argued that Liberals should stand as party candidates in regional elections after the 1974 reorganisation. They got, he said, a bloody nose — i.e., lost — and he changed his mind.

The Social Democratic Party in the Borders are critical of the Liberals' stance. Former area chairman and SDP regional councillor, John Scott, says the current situation in Steel's constituency is 'ridiculous' and attacks the failure of the Liberals 'to come out of the closet and show themselves'. So-called independent


Twinkle twinkle, Stainless Steel,
How we love your sex-appeal!
Up above the sordid scrimmage,
Polishing your TV image —
Twinkle twinkle, Stainless Steel,
How much rust do you conceal?

John Mimmon

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councillors, he says, 'can con people with their chameleon roles and have the best of all worlds'. He points out that the situation is very different in the neighbouring constituency of Roxburgh and Berwickshire, where the local Liberal MP Archie Kirkwood has been working hard to encourage candidates to stand on an Alliance ticket at local elections.

Perhaps surprisingly, David Steel seems unperturbed by this situation. He brushes aside the SDP criticisms, pointing out that they have few members in his area. He argues that the electorate in Tweeddale, Ettrick and Lauderdale have clearly shown their dislike of political labels and so to insist upon them would be 'an impertinence'. ('It is certainly very unpopular to have political labels in the Borders'.) He makes a distinction between his own area and Archie Kirkwood's constituency where the Tories have been much more active and prominent. 'I have absolutely no intention' he says 'of encouraging people to import party labels when the electorate don't want them, especially as I have a majority of Liberals on both councils in my area.'

This kind of laid-back approach to local government politics will come as a surprise to those who have been actively involved in the tough battles currently being fought over services and rates in urban areas, where there can be no such thing as politcal neutrality. It may also surprise some of the many urban Liberals who have been heavily involved in community politics. The lesson of David Steel's 'rotten borough', according to one local Labour activist, is that the Liberals' real aim is 'to keep politics out of politics'. □

LAW

BLACK JPs DON'T FIT THE BILL

Michael King on why we have no 'people's courts'

IN A RECENT speech Lord Hailsham described magistrates' courts as 'people's courts'. Of all 'people's courts' either side of the Iron Curtain, he asserted, the lay magistracy is the most 'representative' of the responsible elements in society.

It must have warmed the hearts of his audience of Magistrates' Association members. It must have given a special glow to those members of the Association who sit on the Lord Chancellor's Advisory Committees which are responsible for the selection of new JPs. The 70 per cent or so of candidates for the magistracy who are rejected each year by these committees night have given the Lord Chancellor's speech a less enthusiastic reception.

Much depends, of course, on how you define 'the responsible elements in society'. If you dismiss as irresponsible those people who speak out against police violence and racial discrimination, those who go on demonstrations or join picket lines, those who prefer community politics to party politics and those who put their jobs and financial security before the honour of being a Justice of the Peace, then you might well agree with Lord Hailsham's analysis. In the past, however, the secrecy which surrounds the process of selecting and appointing JPs has made it difficult to test the accuracy of the Lord Chancellor's assertions or the appropriatenes of the valedictions which he has heaped upon the lay judiciary over the last 14 years. Recent research by Colin May and myself suggests that, so far as the selection and appointment of Afro-Caribbeans and Asians as magistrates is concerned there may be little room for complacency.*

The magistracy ideally represents a cross-section of the local community. For a start, a number of built-in obstacles limit the appointment of people doing manual jobs. Despite a loss of earnings allowance of £21 per day, employees have no absolute right to take time off work to sit on the bench. The law merely states that they can take off time, if it is *reasonable in all the circumstances*. With over three million unemployed, few workers are going to take their boss to the Industrial Tribunal for a ruling on what is 'reasonable'.

Most courts expect their magistrates to sit much more often than the official minimum of 26 half days a year. In one city, for example, there is a virtual requirement that justices should be available for one full week four times a year. Lord Hailsham's speech suggested that a 'fair share for a magistrate was 30-35 half day sittings per annum.'

Between 60 and 70 per cent of black people do manual jobs. Yet only just over 14 per cent of black magistrates are drawn from the manual

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working class. It is hardly surprising that many of this small band have jobs with local authorities which operate a policy of allowing their workers time off for public duties.

Those black people who do allow their names to go forward for consideration can expect to encounter a range of white middle-class biases from the predominantly white, middle-class magistrates who sit on the selection committees. These biases ranged from a preference for people who were active in 'acceptable' (which usually means 'white') charitable or political organisations to the imposition of selection criteria which were clearly discriminatory. It was not, for example, sufficient for a black candidate to produce as evidence of an interest in local affairs an involvement in ethnic community organisations, since according to one spokesman for selectors, such organisations are not, like political parties or Women's Institutes, interested in 'the community' but only in 'a certain branch of the community'. Candidates who confined their community work in their own race or culture had not, it appears, 'embraced England' sufficiently to be considered suitable for the bench.

We found that in contrast with Afro-Caribbean applications, there was a particularly high rate of rejection of Asian candidates. For our total sample this stood at 78 per cent, while in three committees who had received applications from 42 Asian candidates in two years this figure was as high as 83 per cent.

One likely reason for this high rejection rate was the discriminatory criteria which some committees imposed. For instance, Asian candidates in one area could expect to be turned down because selectors believed that a section of the Asian community did not find them acceptable. But Asian candidates who told the selectors that they saw themselves as representing the Asian community were also rejected with their capacity to do justice.

White candidates, on the other hand, did not have to show that they had the support of all sections of the white community. If this had been so, very few politically active white people would have been selected. Only where a white candidate had been put forward by a specific organization with policies concerning criminal justice did any question of 'representation' arise.

Then there is the obstacle of the extremely cautious and conservative attitude which we encountered among selection committee members. For example, committees often labelled as 'extremist', 'dogmatic', or 'controversial' (and therefore 'unsuitable') almost any candidates whose political activities took them outside the conventional party political arena. One Advisory Committee Secretary, for example, described 'controversial people' as 'people who go on demonstrations and cross swords with the police and are dead set against the establishment'.

Among failed black candidates, there were several examples of people who were highly respected among black groups, but whose work in promoting the interests of those groups had brought them into conflict with the police or the local authority. Indeed, among the committee representatives whom we interviewed there appeared to be little awarenesss or understanding either of the need for black people to engage in lawful political protest against discrimination or of their very real grievances relating to the treatment of black people by the police. The committees tended to reject such 'controversial' black people either because they doubted their ability to judge 'objectively' or because they believed that their appointment might 'undermine' the confidence of the community' in the magistrates' court's justice.

It seems self-evident that the policies of committees in some parts of the country affect the sort of black people who are accepted as magistrates and thus affect the numbers of Asian and Afro-Caribbean people willing to put their names forward. What we were able to show statistically was that in over 70 per cent of those areas for which figures were available the gap between the proportion of black people in the local population and the proportion of black magistrates sitting on the local bench was so great that even if the number of black magistrates had been doubled the bench would still not have been numerically representative of the black population.

Nor would they be socially representative. As a result, some of the black magistrates we encountered could not really have claimed to 'belong' to an ethnic community. They often lived in 'white areas', moved in 'white circles' and had little or no contact with people who shared their racial origins. It was rare to find among them the common feelings of bitterness and resentment against racial injustice and oppression of community organisations. While we cannot demand that all magistrates who are black speak for the anger of the black experience, a system in which all those who might are weeded out is clearly biased. We found the attitudes of those black people who were appointed tended, with a few notable exceptions, to be not very different from those of their white colleagues on the bench. A black youth worker described two local black JPs as 'coconuts — black outside and white inside.'

While there may have been a sharp increase in the overall number of black JPs appointed over the past five years, their appointment does little, therefore, to vindicate the present selection system which in effect gives to members of the Lord Chancellor's Advisory Committees an unrestricted discretion to impose their class, racial and political biases. As a result the magistrates' courts are no more 'people's courts' than Covent Garden is a 'people's opera house'. They are places, rather, where men and women from predominantly professional and managerial occupational in the mainstream of English social and political life make decisions affecting the lives of mainly working class people, whose attitudes, beliefs and life-styles are often far removed from those who sit in judgment on them.

LORD HAILSHAM'S insertion of the words, 'responsible elements in society' into the traditional formula may just be an attempt to put a brave face on a highly unsatisfactory situation. On the other hand, it may indicate a new official line by the Lord Chancellor and his Department on the selection of magistrates. From now on selection committees may use their class-bound criteria to decide not only whether a candidate is 'suitable', but also whether the group or organization proposing that candidate is 'responsible'. What should be an assessment of a person's ability to be fair and impartial would become an exercise in political judgment. Already, we found that some selection committees deliberately omit black organizations of which they disapprove from their list of bodies to be asked to put forward candidates.

This is not new; the present system of local communities to advise the Lord Chancellor was set up with the express purpose of breaking the Tory party's stranglehold over the bench. What the issue of black magistrates has brought out, however, is the fact that the mainstream political parties no longer represent the most important divisions in our society. Excluding people from the magistracy because of their class, race or culture is as much a political act as excluding people because of their membership of a particular party. Yet there can be little doubt that the general organization of the magistracy gives an enormous advantage to the white middle classes and that the selection system allows them to perpetuate their control over the bench.

There are reforms which, we believe, would help to weaken the control of political parties and existing magistrates over the selection process in order to give members of all social groups an equal chance of joining the bench. These include:

- selection committees to consist of people involved in the operation of magistrates' courts, such as defence solicitors, probation officers, prosecutors, police and representatives from different class, age and ethnic groups in the area. Magistrates would not be allowed to take part in the appointment of new JPs for the bench on which they sit;
- a duty for the Secretary to these committees to encourage and seek out candidates from as wide a cross-section as possible of the local population. Only organizations which have made it clear that they are opposed to the principles of natural justice and democratic processes or which advocate racism or violence should be excluded from proposing candidates;
- a two-stage selection process with a training programme between the two stages. This would enable less favoured candidates to obtain the necessary skills and knowledge to become magistrates;
- the abolition of the vague criterion of 'suitability' and the substitution of strict criteria relating to candidates' capacity to undertake the training course and to their willingness to respect the rules of natural justice and not to be influenced by extraneous factors in their decision making on the bench;
- successful completion of the training course and the passing of a test in oral and written comprehension relating to courtroom issues as prerequisites for joining the bench;
- a legal right for employees to take off 26 half days a year to sit on the bench to be refused only where the employer successfully applies to an Industrial Tribunal for exemption. □

Next week: Black lawyers

**Michael King lectures at the School of Law, Warwick University. He is co-author with Colin May of* Black Magistrates — Recruitment and Selection *published by the Cobden Trust, price £4.95.*

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PSYCHOLOGY

KILLING THE BODY AND THE SOUL

Can the Bomb make us mad? Mark Pownall reports

TWO YEARS AGO the hitherto timid British Psychological Society decided to break with tradition and make an authoritative statement on a controversial political issue — nuclear war. The result of that decision, the publication this week of the statement, marks a new chapter in the history of reports from conservative medical and scientific organisations.

Reports by the Royal College of Nursing and the British Medical Association concentrated on the horrific physical consequences of nuclear attack — the devastation, numbers of dead, the burnt, blistered and charred flesh of survivors and the long-term effects of radiation.

But the British Psychological Society statement dwells, less gruesomely, on the effect on our daily lives of the nuclear threat, how we would be expected to cope in the event of a nuclear disaster, the human fallibility of nuclear weapons and, perhaps its most direct political intervention, the psychological strategy of negotiating for peace and arms control. 'Threat is the condition under which we live', the BPS statement says, and goes on to describe some of its effects. Children can become deeply worried by the nuclear menace and it can contribute to teenage anxiety and other mental disorders according to one study cited.

Children's disturbances do seem to be linked to the prevailing political climate. At the height of *détente* in the mid-1970s only seven per cent of a group of American adolescents were worried by the threat of nuclear war, compared with over four times as many of a similar group interviewed after two years of the first aggressively anti-Soviet Reagan Administration. Teenagers living in the heavily targeted United Kingdom are more pessimistic. Over half feel that nuclear war will occur in their lifetimes, and 70 per cent believe that it is inevitable one day.

But worry and anxiety are not the characteristic reactions to the risk of nuclear exchange. The most common attitude is one of denial. Dr James Thompson, senior lecturer in psychology at the Middlesex Hospital Medical School and author of the BPS report, explained: 'The facts about nuclear war are very painful, they attack one of the strongest myths we have about ourselves — the myth of personal immortality. Most of us, against all the evidence, imagine we can survive things.'

There is of course a difference between the paralysis induced by the fear of what might happen, and a response to what has actually been experienced, and the report is more concerned with anticipating the consequences of a nuclear attack in which, unlike an earthquake, outside help would be unlikely to arrive. Repeated unexpected attacks would leave any survivors in such a state of apathy and bewilderment ('disaster syndrome') that it is doubtful they would be able to rebuild any kind of civilised society.

The BPS shares the general scepticism about the civil defence *Protect and Survive* pamphlet, because it estimates that up to 10 per cent of the population would ignore an official warning. Furthermore young urban dwellers would be most unlikely to follow official advice and stay at home, because of the general belief that towns and cities are the prime targets for attack.

Suitably, perhaps, for a psychologists' report, it is highly critical of official estimates of the risk of human error in the military system. 'The risks of accidental nuclear war are seen to be more substantial than officially admitted', it concludes, and cites one pair of researchers who believe it is the most likely path to nuclear war.

They then turn to the psychology of arms negotiations, an added dimension to the politics of the talks now going on in Geneva. Separate negotiations for strategic and intermediate-range weapons make any kind of concession from either side harder to make, they say. It would be better to centre discussions on the shared need to have time in a crisis, rather than on the 'emotionally fraught' business of counting weapons.

Perhaps the most radical suggestion the BPS makes is that 'middle-management' negotiators should be in frequent contact, using teleconference techniques if necessary. This group could do all the negotiations for verifications of agreements and other issues which are not immediately contentious.

Involvement of junior negotiators could also

The Woodcraft Folk 60th ANNIVERSARY

This year the Woodcraft Folk celebrates its 60th Anniversary as Britain's leading progressive youth organisation.

Founded in 1925 as an organisation for boys and girls based on the principles of peace, co-operation, equality and world friendship, the Woodcraft Folk has grown rapidly in recent years.

500 groups exist throughout Britain — over 200 of them are in London — for children and young people aged 6 to 20. They take part in a variety of activities including camping, hiking, singing, dancing, drama, discussions, craftwork and games.

Interest in the Woodcraft Folk continues to grow. But its resources are very limited. The organisation needs a major influx of funds in order to build upon its existing strengths.

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The undermentioned people have agreed to support the Woodcraft Folk in its appeal for funds during its 60th Anniversary year:

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Richard Balfe MEP
Sid Bidwell MP
Raymond Briggs
Lord Brockway
Laurie Buxton
Richard Caborn MP
Julie Christie
Bob Edwards MP
Henry Fair
Frank Field MP
Ken Gill
Lord Graham
Eirwen Harbottle
Peter Heathfield
Eric Heffer MP
Lenny Henry
Dr. R. Houlton
Trevor Huddleston
Jack Jones
Ron Keating
Bill Keys
Glenys Kinnock
Neil Kinnock
Ken Livingstone
Alf Lomas MEP
Ewan MacColl
Bill Owen
Leslie Paul
Mike Pentz
Leon Rosselson
Michael Rosen
Joan Ruddock
Tom Sawyer
Peggy Seeger
Peter Selby
Daffyd Elis Thomas MP
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Paul Weller
Lord Ted Willis
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help prevent the resignations and acrimony which attended the otherwise psychologically ideal Camp David Israel-Egypt peace negotiations which were conducted informally over a long period presided over by an independent mediator who initiated a first single text on which both sides worked.

The BPS report may not be a text which Reagan and Gorbachev will study. But it may bring the negotiations in Geneva down to a comprehensible human scale for those anxiously, and helplessly, watching the talks. □

Psychological Aspects of Nuclear War, James Thompson, John Wiley & Sons Ltd/British Psychological Society, Chichester, 1985.

ECOLOGY POLITICS

MORALITY AND THE MASSES

Martin Ryle reports on the choices facing the Eco party

DOVER IS a less fashionable venue than Bournemouth or Brighton, but the Ecology Party had a good reason for holding its 1985 Spring conference there last weekend. Halfway through, the gathering became the Second Congress of the European Greens. MPs, MEPs, representatives and members of green parties across western Europe and beyond (there was even someone from Australia's Nuclear Disarmament Party) stepped off the ferry and made their way to the Town Hall, a very British place, complete with remarkably bad portraits of Winston Churchill and the Queen Mother. But the internationalism of the Congress — emphasised by the presence at the Saturday night rally of Petra Kelly from West Germany and Fritjof Capra from the USA — was another sign that green ideas and movements cannot be dismissed as a marginal luxury.

The Ecology Party itself, meanwhile, is probably regarded by most British socialists as an irritating irrelevance, focussing on 'nice' issues like conservation at the expense of politically difficult conflicts. But even if it still recruits support on the basis of certain single issues, the Ecology Party now sees itself as having a distinctive political identity and a full range of policies. 'Five or six years ago, it was a common taunt that Greens were "only environmentalists",' said Eco Party Council co-chair Paul Ekins at Dover. 'Now, with the major parties vying for the Green vote, the boot is on the other foot and it's the Greens' turn to say, "You are not Green. At best you are only environmentalists". '

Ekins went on to argue that the distincively Green position could not be located on the Left-Right spectrum: to attempt this was 'meaningless, even counter-productive'. Many find this a difficult position to sustain, since Green policies clearly require social control of production (though not massive nationalisation), the dethroning of profit and of profit-orientated 'economic growth', and the regaining by people of much greater control over their own lives. This may have little to do with technocratic and authoritarian socialism, but elements of socialist tradition are surely there?

Although plenty of Eco members will acknowledge the contribution of utopian socialists — Fourier, Carpenter and Morris were among the names mentioned — there is general agreement with Ekins's view. 'We have to seek the broadest possible support,' said Sara Parkin, Eco's International Secretary. If the Germans felt able to take on explicitly left-wing positions and associates — they happily share the Euro-Parliament's 'Rainbow Fraction' with socialists and communists from Holland's Green Progressive Accord — this, argued Parkin, resulted from the different political and historical circumstances of the Federal Republic. 'It was the right road for them, but it does leave *die Grünen* vulnerable to entryism and splinter-groups.'

If the Ecology Party is to make its voice heard on the whole range of social and economic issues, it will however be increasingly difficult to evade identification on the Left-Right axis. For instance, Basic Income Schemes, which the Ecology Party advocates, come in both right and left-wing varieties, as Gorz shows in *Paths to Paradise*. Will the Ecology Party argue for a radically egalitarian form — and if so, will not this place it on the Left? Equality is not an intrinsically ecological concept.

'Of course we're committed to the redistribution of wealth,' said *Econews* editor

Andrew Ward/Report

The Green conference, Dover

Freda Chapman. 'Global as well as national — and in that, we go beyond the Labour Party.' William Watson, of the conference Standing Orders Committee, pointed out that this emphasis on the Third World, while absolutely right in itself, risked being used to screen out inequality here at home. 'And I have very little time,' said Watson, 'for those who say "People shouldn't be so materialistic, then inequality won't matter". We don't want to become the airy-fairy party. A lot of people are critical of *die Grünen* for "moving to the Left" — but there's a real world out there.'

NONE OF THIS, it should be said, is formally debated within the Ecology Party — though the issues have been repeatedly raised in the pages of *Green Line*, the Oxford-based non-party green monthly. Nor do many members seem worried about the Ecology Party's lack of a wide social base, being inclined rather to emphasise the freedom which this gives to outline longer-term perspectives. 'It's an advantage *not* to have an organised social base,' said Party Council member Janice Owens. 'It means you can find your alliances in strange places. And you can take a moral stand.'

The Green movement sees itself as a vanguard, allowing it to articulate vital questions ignored by the mainstream parties, constrained as these are by the habit of promising always some immediate gain to as many voters as possible. (Whatever scepticism they have about the Ecology Party eco-socialists remain cynical about the Labour Party for its continued commitment to nuclear power and the less than radical politics of its environmental spokesman, John Cunningham). If Ecology Party members enjoy the benefits of being a small party (6,000 members in 250 branches) of like-minded people, few recognise its limits. 600 members attended the conference, which is open, for its mix of workshop and plenary sessions. It's a format which encourages good informal discussion but can militate against reaching difficult political decisions.

Nor have many acknowledged the risk that, by arousing people's anxieties and longings without working hard to build action, alliances and mass support, one can prepare the ground for populist rhetoric as easily as for ecological democracy.

If the Ecology Party wants to lead a movement, rather than be a club, it will have to be more outward looking. Here, local Green groups, which have helped the party to gain some of its best electoral results, are the starting-point. What cannot be expected is any overt 'move to the Left', and to push for that will divide the party.

But there is a lot of scope for Red-Green co-operation and discussion. Graham Bell, of Lewisham Ecology Party, one of the organisers of next June's South-East London Green Fair, happily acknowledged the support given by the local Labour council, and especially by councillor Ron Pepper, a member of SERA, the Socialist Environment and Resources Association which advises the Labour Party. 'There are socialist ecologists in this party,' said Freda Chapman, 'just as there are liberal and conservative ecologists. We can all work together.'

The day before the Dover gathering, SERA organised a meeting in London on 'Socialism and the European Greens', at which Paul Ekins spoke along with Bram van de Lek of the Dutch Pacifist Socialists and the Labour Party's Anita Pollock (who works in the European Parliament's Socialist Fraction). The debate begun there can be widened and continued if the socialist and Green movements realise how much they have to learn from one another. □

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MODEL PLANS

John Garrett looks back on the lessons to be learned from previous Labour policy for industry

THE LABOUR PARTY is about to launch its Jobs and Industry campaign, accompanied by policy statements on the economy and employment. I hope that the authors of the statements will constantly ask themselves if their proposals can be implemented by our government machinery and, if so, how quickly they can deliver some results.

A few years ago, when I was one of Labour's shadow team for industry in the Commons, I watched, with mounting alarm, the construction of our industrial programme for the 1983 general election manifesto and used to have a recurrent nightmare that I might have some responsibility for implementing it.

The central element of the 1983 industrial policy was a planning system, briefly set out in the manifesto and described at length in *Economic Planning and Industrial Democracy* produced by the TUC-Labour Party Liaison Committee and endorsed by the 1982 Party conference. It deserves to go into the literature as the most complex system for economic regulation and intervention ever devised.

It involved not only national planning, but planning for regions, sectors, nationalised industries, major companies, any other company that was volunteered by its management or unions, plants, processes and products – with intervention at every level by government, quango, regional body and trades unions. In an effort to democratise planning it made every element negotiable by all the parties concerned at every level.

It was proposed that this gigantic edifice be crowned by a Cabinet Committee for Economic Planning, supervising a tripartite National Planning Council and a Department of Economic and Industrial Planning. The Planning Council (a souped-up National Economic Development Office) was to draw up projections for employment, output, investment and trade in each sector. The Planning Department was to consult the Planning Council about its projections and would then produce plans for sectors, leading companies, other companies whose management or unions did not want to be left out, nationalised industries and regions.

Unusually for an organisation concerned with strategy, the Planning Department was to have executive and spending powers which it could use to remove such constraints as the lack of co-ordination between customers and suppliers, imbalances between regions and localities, import penetration and skill shortages. It would negotiate 'agreed' development plans with the management and/or the unions of major companies jointly or separately according to their, or its, priorities.

These development plans would cover the company's purchasing, imports, investment, pricing and training. Those companies which agreed to participate would be entitled to investment grants, credit, training schemes, protection from imports and exemption from price controls. Companies which did not co-operate would be subject to directives 'on a range of industrial matters', control of their purchasing policies, compulsory nationalisation in part or whole by statutory instrument or temporary control by an Official Trustee.

Colin Wheeler

The TUC-Labour Party document recognised that all this activity would put some strain on the country's planning resources and proposed the provision of training in planning. Presumably, the proposed national planning college (not all that easy to staff) would have had to operate for some years before providing a sufficient supply of planners capable of running the system. Given the indifference, even hostility, to planning of British managers, trades unionists and civil servants in their everyday operations, it might also have been difficult to find enough candidates for the college.

AT THE TIME that all this was being cooked up, I recall being concerned about one or two other practical matters. If the major companies which signed agreed development plans were granted protection from imports, credit, investment funds and the right to raise prices, where would this leave the companies which competed with them but were just not big enough to qualify for a planning agreement? Apparently, they would be forced out of business even if they were better managed, had more potential for growth or even were better aligned with national objectives.

What if, as was not unlikely, the trades unions and the management of a company, or in a sector or locality, registered a failure to agree on, say, investment in a particular plant or product? The trades union official to whom I once addressed this question said that in that case the matter would have to go to arbitration, thus conjuring up a parallel network of participants at every level in the system. It's hard to see how anybody could take the proposals seriously.

Clearly, the reconstruction (it will probably be too late for regeneration) of British industry will require a systematic procedure for setting national objectives and devising priorities for industrial programmes. However, until sufficient experience and resources have been built up over some years it would be impossible to create a system for planning and intervention that could cover more than a few major sectors, key enterprises and the most devastated regions.

The most pressing need will be for arrangements to create jobs fast, to promote import substitution and to make the difficult decisions about the ordering of priorities instead of promising support to every declining and every high tech claimant and then having to make ad hoc decisions on cases as they arise. There is no doubt that on grounds of efficiency as well as democracy, employees need to have power over the decisions that affect their lives and to take advantage of the many shopfloor and managerial talents which British company directors usually conspicuously ignore. Legislation on industrial democracy in the company will be needed, but to tie it into the elaborate bureaucracy of a multi-dimensional planning system would ensure that it would be delayed by years and probably fail.

THE PLANNING system was the biggest nonsense in the industrial section of Labour's manifesto, but it was far from being the only area of weakness. In a few lines, it undertook to renationalise everything that had been privatised. After eight or more years of privatisation, returning assets to public ownership will be far from painless and inexpensive and will have to be organised according to economic priorities and objectives.

The logic and implications of some of the proposals for the extension of public ownership were also far from clear. Labour was to extend public ownership in building materials (why?); in construction (can you imagine the image problems of British Builders?); in pharmaceuticals (what would happen to overseas-based research?); and in other 'important sectors' (which?). It is much more likely that all the efforts a future Labour government can muster in the field of public ownership will have to go into creating enterprises in those areas of, for example, scientific equipment, office equipment, electronics and automation where we no longer have any presence at all.

The manifesto was weak on consumer issues, producing the usual protective devices instead of considering innovations in, for example, the neglected field of mutual ownership. In co-operative ownership, we got a godsend to bankrupt management: that workers could get

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the government to pay for the conversion of a company into a co-operative.

Particularly glaring was the lack, in the manifesto or in any policy document, of any reference to the appalling record of labour productivity in British industry: for decades its outstanding weakness to any objective observer. The failure to face up to this issue and its causes has always been the most obvious blind spot of the Labour Party. It is not as though the diagnosis is necessarily critical of trades unions.

We know that low productivity partly springs from a low level of investment (though we often get less out of new equipment than our competitors). More importantly, it springs from incompetent manufacturing management, with remarkably high ratios of inventory and work in progress to output; high levels of production overhead; inaccurate costing; inadequate production planning leading to massive amounts of lost time; poor design and neglected quality control.

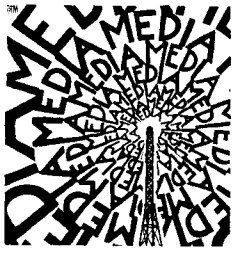
We also have to recognise that it springs, to some extent, from labour practices to which some trades unions cling. These conditions are perfectly well known to voters in industrial occupations and to fail to mention them simply gives Labour a reputation for feather bedding. It would be better to address the problem and propose solutions in programmes which linked productivity improvement to job creation.

LABOUR'S INDUSTRIAL policies combined massive complexity with silence on some key issues. As the election drew nearer and we added more and more ill-conceived commitments, I tried to interest the Party's policy makers in junking the lot and instead going for a simple crash programme for the first 100 days of office, concentrating on employment creation, lifting the image from Roosevelt's New Deal and some of the content from Denis Healey's remarkably successful and universally ignored investment programmes of the mid-1970s.

Healey's 20-odd 'sectoral' schemes, 36 selective investment schemes and the accelerated projects scheme cost £460 million, produced over £2,600 million in investment, much of it from overseas, and probably created some 200,000 jobs. Some recognition was given to the proposal in the Emergency Programme set out at the front of the manifesto, but little was made of it in the campaign. Perhaps it was worth drawing more than the image from Roosevelt. After all, his Civil Works Administration, headed by the remarkable Harry L. Hopkins, put 2.6 million people to work in one month and within another month hit the target of 4 million jobs.

In the next election — or the one after that — the British people are unlikely to respond much to doctrine: they will have had years of it. What they will respond to is a few simple, effective and credible programmes to create useful work for themselves and their children as quickly as possible. We can argue over the ins and outs of forms of ownership and design elaborate planning systems when unemployment is regularly falling and we've created the confidence that we can actually deliver pay packets. □

John Garrett is a management consultant who was Labour MP for Norwich South 1974-83.



Hidden fingers in every pie

Francis Wheen

HERE IS a modest proposal which, if carried out, might bring Fleet Street to a standstill: newspaper editors should be obliged to declare an interest where applicable, just as MPs and local councillors are.

For example, you will occasionally find features in the *Sunday Times* these days written by Irwin Stelzer (his latest contribution was a headbanging piece a couple of weeks ago about the miners' strike). All that *Sunday Times* readers are told about this gent is that he is the president of National Economic Research Associates. If my modest proposal were put into effect, the paper would have to add the following line to Stelzer's potted biography: 'He was until recently a business partner of Andrew Neil, who is now editor of the *Sunday Times*.'

That's all. Didn't hurt all that much, did it? I'm not even arguing that Neil should be prevented from publishing Stelzer's drivel. All I'm suggesting is that the readers should be given a little more background info on the identity of the driveller.

Similarly, if my proposal were accepted, Neil would still be free to fill his pages with articles about the joys of the 'wired-up society', telling us how cable and satellite TV will bring peace and prosperity to the world. But each news report, feature or editorial on the subject would carry a little passage in italics at the end (or, even better, the start: after all, politicians are supposed to declare their interests *before* they speak, not after): 'Rupert Murdoch, the owner of this newspaper, also owns Sky Channel, a cable and satellite operation which stands to make pots of money if the "wired-up society" becomes a reality.' The same inscription could be attached to all the leaders and reports which *The Times* has carried as part of its current vendetta against the BBC.

The Murdoch papers have not been the only ones to attack the BBC. The chase has been joined by the *Daily Star* and the *Express* papers, which just happen to be owned by Fleet Holdings, which just happens to be the biggest shareholder in TV-am, which just happens to stand to benefit if the BBC chops *Breakfast Time* — which may explain why United Newspapers is so anxious to buy it.

And then there's Cap'n Bob Maxwell, the man for whom my proposal might have been expressly invented. The *Mirror* has recently joined the campaign against the BBC; it has also taken to publishing starry-eyed pieces about cable TV — 'the world at the touch of a button'. Needless to say, Rediffusion Cablevision, one of Britain's biggest cable firms, is owned by Maxwell.

But the real trouble with Maxwell is that, unlike Murdoch, he doesn't confine his interests to newspapers and television. There are few pies in which he doesn't have a podgy finger: he is a politician, printer, publisher, soccer boss and much else. The effect of this is well illustrated in a large centre-page feature on 4 March about the President of Bulgaria. This man is as nasty a piece of work as you would expect, but the *Mirror* piece has nothing but praise for him ('jokey style. . .wears his age lightly' etc.) Half-way through the article, the game is given away: Bulgaria has just struck a huge deal with one R. Maxwell to update its printing and packaging industries.

Men such as Maxwell and Tiny Rowland, whose company Lonrho owns the *Observer*, may therefore be a greater threat to the press than someone like Murdoch, because their interests know no boundaries. Rowland's interests in Africa have already led him to appoint a Harare correspondent without consulting the foreign editor, and to denounce his own editor for reporting atrocities in Matabeleland.

Of course my proposal would not change that: Rowland would still be free to interfere with the paper. But it would at least stop the straightforward deception of readers which now goes on, as in a report on the front of the Business News the Sunday before last. Headed 'New Light on the Al-Fayeds' (the brothers who are buying Harrods), the article revealed that a man called Dr Ashraf Marwan had given the *Observer* a copy of a letter which he was sending to the Al-Fayeds' lawyers, asking for more details about the mysterious buyers.

All that was said about Marwan was that he was an 'Egyptian business tycoon who is the son-in-law of the late President Nasser and at one time held a large shareholding in House of Fraser'. If declarations of interest were compulsory, the following words would have had to be added: 'Dr Marwan is an associate of Tiny Rowland, the *Observer*'s owner, though both men tend to deny it. A government inspector investigating the links between the two men last year found that "there were many unsatisfactory features in Dr Marwan's evidence and in some important areas it did not carry to me the ring of truth . . . I believe that Dr Marwan had a closer liaison with Lonrho, and Mr Rowland in particular, than he sought to convey to me." ' As it was, the *Observer* article didn't even mention Tiny Rowland. □

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DIARY

'It was a classic Labour Party position: we did not think it through'. Surely a contender for quote of the year, this was Ken Livingstone's answer when I questioned him about the ratecapping fiasco at the GLC. We were having our annual cup of tea. 'It's lunacy,' he continued, 'especially from people who think they can change the world.' But it seemed to me that his defence, as published in last week's *NS*, was self-serving, so I pressed. 'Yes, I just trundled along,' he conceded, explaining, 'I stopped going to council leaders' meetings because they just rabbited on and on and didn't get anywhere.' I pressed again and Ken became philosophical: 'The Left is far too reactive and that's what we were. We contented ourselves with slogans and then reacted to events.' True enough, I'm sure, but as an enthusiastic supporter of the GLC I have to say that Ken was as politically responsible as anyone for the frightful balls-up. Not because he didn't attend meetings but because the policy was wrong in the first place. It's easy enough for me to say but that's no reason for me not to say it. So I'll cash the benefit of hindsight. The whole idea of not fixing a rate was a mix of martyrdom and — worse — parliamentarism, as it put all the onus on the councillors to the exclusion of everyone else. ('Leave it to us chaps' is how they put it on the north side of the Thames. 'Trust us not to betray you' is how it sounds on the south bank, but it's the *same* score.) On the other hand, to set a rate on the principle of 'no loss of jobs or services' mobilizes the support outside. Here, as David Blunkett points out in the latest *New Socialist*, civil disobedience may well become the order of the day, a disobedience that everyone can join in and certainly understand (whereas, what does 'no precept' mean?). So the aptly termed 'fall back' position is the best of all. It's a pity it had to be arrived at in such an undignified fashion.

○

When I last saw Martin Walker at a *New Statesman* party, I told him he was going to Russia at just the right time. I began to feel sorry for him as Chernenko lingered, but it seems to me that Walker's hit his stride in his *Guardian* reports from Moscow as the new generation takes the helm. I was particularly delighted to see from his article on the transition that Gorbachev asks officials who brief him: 'Do you really believe what you're telling me?' This may be hard enough for comrades in the GLC but it's even worse in 'post-capitalist' countries. The quote reminded me of the time I interviewed one of the most senior Communist figures that I've met. Being unrestrainably opinionated I told him that I simply disagreed, after he delivered a standard platitude — actually it was about the USSR. In response he said, 'It is good to disagree'. Then, looking at his hand as if it was a document, he continued speaking slowly and carefully: 'Sometimes I ask myself do I agree with what I have just said?'. His Ambassador, who was present, leant forward, gripped by the drama of his words; their assistant was so fascinated that he stopped taking notes. The Minister wasn't talking to me, I realised, so much as to his own officials: he was telling them to think for themselves.

○

I went to look at Judy Chicago's *The Dinner Party*. It's certainly impressive. I found it rather like going to a mosque and being awed by the scale and the strength of the social force behind it: it made its feminist point all right. Like a mosque, however, because of the virtual absence of any figurative representation and the amount of compensating ceramics; and also because whenever I'm in mosques I always find that what I admire most are the carpets and in terms of artistry it was the needlework of *The Dinner Party* that came alive. The plates, with their brightly coloured open vulvas, were surprisingly restful if rather stiff. But the weaving and decoration of the textiles draw their spirit from the marvellous tradition of American patchwork whose quilting parties are the true precursors of the huge collective effort Chicago inspired. Otherwise, although I was mortified at the omission of the Trung sisters, the argument if not the art of *The Dinner Party* was unforgettable. Having come down from Edinburgh, it is on display in the warehouse in White Lion Street, near King's Cross, as none of the snobbish London galleries would take it.

ROGER WODDIS

The Marrowless Man

'We are all anxious to press South Africa to introduce real reforms, but there has to be deep scepticism as to whether economic sanctions would bring that about.' — Malcolm Rifkind, Minister of State at the Foreign Office

Now is the mouthing of horror
And the ritual wringing of hands.
Bring out the eloquent phrases,
While keeping an eye on the rands:
No one deplores more than we do
The damage to well-known brands.

A boycott? 'The blacks would suffer.'
The marrowless man connives
And looks to 'constructive engagement'
To ensure that his stake survives.
The words that are cheaply chosen
Are almost as cheap as lives.

Of course it is all abhorrent,
And it ties his tongue in a knot;
But only the dead are buried,
And only the red get shot.
Who doubts that the deaths at Langa
Were part of a Communist plot?

When truth is an aberration,
And blasting a black the norm,
It's asking a worm to have backbone
For Rifkind to raise a storm.
The hosed-down blood on the roadway
Is surely a sign of reform.

○

Earlier, I'd been to see Elizabeth Frink's retrospective at the Royal Academy, just before it closed. I had never realised how good and important Frink's work is — Britain has indeed a genuine successor to Henry Moore. There is something about a woman working on male forms that evokes greater female power and self-confidence than Judy Chicago's celebration of women throughout history. Although I think she overstates the case for Frink's 'feminism', the way Sarah Kent mounted the exhibition was really stimulating. *Judas* and *Seated Man* made a lasting impression on me. In fact I'd rather like to sit Frink's *Seated Man* right down at Chicago's *Dinner Party*.

○

I have been separated from my family for a month now, as they enjoy a warm North American spring. Because I helped to move them across I know what it is like where they're living. But mail is hopeless. The telephone helps, although I'm dismayed that my daughter, now nearly eight, has a perceptibly more American accent every time we talk. Last time I rang she picked up the phone. 'Daddy,' she said, 'I want to tell you something real important,' long pause, 'what's that,' I said, '*tell* me'. The pause continued, the seconds clocked by, 'Well,' pause, 'this *month*'s phone bill is $155!' There is one terrible consequence of the telephone. Because it lets me know how everyone else is feeling, it makes me miss the baby in a way that is quite painful. Nine months old now, full of smiles — and howls — just standing and trying to walk and the severance is complete. She has been guillotined out of my life. The physical sense of loss is such that I can't even bear to look at photographs of her, it hurts so. I'm all the happier, therefore, to annouce that my dear friends Maxine Molyneux and Fred Halliday have a baby son, born on the Spring equinox: Long life to you, Alexander!

Islander

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THE HOLOCAUST AS DETERRENT

From its heroic beginnings, Israel's culture now reveals paranoia, the politics of the foolhardy gesture — and a delayed response to the trauma of the Holocaust writes Rabbi David Goldberg

IT HAS BECOME a journalistic cliché to talk of Lebanon as 'Israel's Vietnam'. The parallel is obvious, as a demoralised army, keen to get home and bereft of any political justification for its untenable military situation, braces itself against the guerrilla attacks of a population that is united only in common detestation of the occupying troops.

The first stages of what everyone hopes will be a total withdrawal, have been completed. A war that to date has cost over 640 Israeli dead and more than 3,000 wounded is winding down precipitously and ingloriously. In place of Arafat and his 7,000 expelled troops — many of whom have since returned — Israel is faced with 700,000 previously cordial but now implacably hostile Shi'ites.

The damage done to Israel in Lebanon, diplomatically, strategically and militarily has been enormous. Mr Begin's ignominious resignation, the subsequent electoral defeat, albeit narrow, of the incumbent Likud government, the shakeout in the highest echelons of the army, as a result of the Kahan Commission of Enquiry into the Sabra and Chatilla massacres, and the massive discrediting of most of the so-called 'experts' at the Lebanon desk in the Foreign Ministry — who got wrong just about everything possible to get wrong about that country and its factions — are a few tangible results of a war so misconceived and muddled in its aims that not even ex-Defence Minister Arik Sharon, its chief architect, seriously tries to defend it nowadays.

It has been a painful experience to absorb, most of all, of course, for the Israelis themselves, but no less keenly for Diaspora Jewish communities around the world. What the war has done to Israel's self-perception, and the effect it has had on the special relationship between Israel and Diaspora Jewry, will prove in the long run to be even more significant than the short-term disasters.

At one simple level, it is convincing enough to categorise it as 'Sharon's war', to blame the grandiose regional delusions of a strategic primitive. As the recent book by Israel's most respected military journalist, Ze'ev Schiff, (*Israel's Lebanon War by* Ze'ev Schiff and Ehud Ya'ari, George Allen & Unwin) makes abundantly clear, Sharon systematically misled a militarily inexperienced cabinet about the scope and intent of 'Operation Peace in Galilee'. Likewise, it is perhaps some consolation to suggest, as Schiff does, that every nation goes through a misguided war on its way to political maturity.

But to accept such rationalisations fails to answer why Begin and his government should take a country which immediately prior to the invasion was quieter and more secure along its borders than it had ever been during its 34 years of existence, into 'a war of choice' which was bound to reduce still further its battered international prestige. And why should the Diaspora on the whole support such a monstrous error of judgment so vociferously?

Raissa Page/Format

A climate of threat; mother and child on Kibbutz

For clues one must search, I believe, in the collective unconscious of Jewry some 40 years after the Nazi Holocaust. Psychiatrists who have worked with concentration camp survivors have all noted how delayed symptoms of trauma have emerged years later, in many cases in survivors' children. As with individuals, so with the group. While we Jews were congratulating ourselves for returning to 'normality' so quickly after the most barbarous genocide in history, and were basking in the approbation of outsiders for also having the resilience and energy to build up a national State, we were in reality not exorcising our demons but simply delaying confrontation with them.

THE COMING to power of Mr Begin in 1977 acted as a catalyst. It was a time of increasing pressure on Israel. A tired and careless Labour government had been unable to solve the intractable West Bank problem. At the UN, Zionism had been branded as racism and Yassir Arafat strutted at the podium with a gun in his belt, to the plaudits of obsequious onlookers. Anti-Zionism merged into recrudescent anti-semitism and, along with a campaign to question Israel's legitimacy, scurrilous propaganda denied that six million Jewish victims had died in the Holocaust, or claimed that Zionist agents had been implicated in Hitler's 'Final Solution'.

All this was grist to Jewish paranoia. It justified our worst suspicions about the Gentiles. And it confirmed Begin's reading of Jewish history. Herut ideology has always stressed the image of Jews standing alone among the nations, and has always had a penchant for the grand gesture, as befits a movement with antecedents in the *opera buffa* theatricality of Mussolini's brownshirts. Herut inspiration is drawn from the heroic disasters of Jewish history. Masada, the last outpost of Zealots in the War against Rome, is its emblem, and Bar Kochba, who led the last revolt against Rome in 132-135, its hero.

Mr Begin, the gesture politician, fed off mounting frustration among the population at home and mounting insecurity among Diaspora Jews. He would sonorously remind the rest of the world that its past treatment of the Jews debarred it from passing present judgment. Mr Begin appropriated the Holocaust as his own ultimate deterrent.

When he, in looks and background the archetypal ghetto Jew, foul-mouthed the German Chancellor or blew up the French-built nuclear reactor in Iraq, many were secretly delighted. That was reminding the Germans of what they did to us! That was paying back for Dreyfus!

One forgets just how ugly Israeli society was in the build-up to the Lebanon war. Religious fundamentalists were laying claim to every bit of the West Bank mentioned in the Bible, backed by secular expansionists who didn't know the Bible from Harold Robbins, but liked the Herut vision of a Jewish State on both sides of the Jordan. Underprivileged Oriental Jews in development areas were being deliberately incited against affluent *Kibbutzim* — the

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symbol, to Herutniks, of everything they despised about the gradualist, prudent, socialist mainstream school of Zionism that had dominated Israeli politics since pre-State days. Self-righteous jingoism was rampant, the curricula of schools inculcated Herut values, and a steady stream of propaganda portrayed the Palestinians as 'two-legged animals', who should be 'encouraged' to migrate across the Jordan. The despair and demoralisation of those who had worked for Israel's admirable social achievements in the previous thirty years was terrible to behold.

AND THE DIASPORA, shamefully, acquiesced. Its spokespeople would fly to Jerusalem to warn Begin about the negative effect his actions were having on Israel's 'image'. The Prime Minister would point to a map of Europe, declaim that from the Urals to the Danube it was stained with Jewish blood and that they should choose between being citizens of their own countries or being Jews.

Because the Diaspora has always too readily accepted Zionism's definitions, its leaders would return home and sententiously announce that Mr Begin was the elected leader of a democratic country — the only one in the region — and no one, but no one, should presume to advise its government on how to safeguard the security of its citizens. The Diaspora, Mr Begin could assure his cabinet, was holding firm; it could be sold *anything* made in Israel.

A third, crucial, factor coalesced to make the war in Lebanon feasible. The United States, the great paymaster, was re-evaluating its defeat in Vietnam as a noble venture that had only failed for lack of resolve. Significantly, one of the leaders of this revisionist school of southeast Asian history was Norman Podhoretz, editor of the prestigious Jewish magazine *Commentary*. Alexander Haig, then Secretary of State, whose role in the war and subsequent appearance as star speaker at fund-raising dinners for Israel is an unresolved mystery, readily bought from Sharon the idea of a limited surgical operation against the PLO and 'international terrorism'. This time, 'Charlie' would be zapped good and proper.

The invasion of Lebanon in June 1982 was, then, one of the weirdest wars ever — substituting chimeras from the past for present reality. That mad, terrible, devastated country, with the feel of casual death so palpable in the air and its inhabitants moving through the blighted landscape like survivors of a mediaeval plague, was an apt setting in which to play out ghostly historical fantasies.

In all the welter of contradictory statistics, media hostility, outraged Jewish response and military confusion that prevailed for four months, with Diaspora fund-raisers, Euro MPs, self-important gawkers and excitement seekers being bussed in convoys to Beirut past waving villagers ('grateful Lebanese welcome Israeli soldiers liberating them from PLO terror' said the captions to the photographs) to watch the siege from observation posts above the city as though they were nobility witnessing the investiture of Paris during the Franco-Prussian war, one statement revealed exactly the depth of obsession that impelled its leading Jewish protagonist. Mr Begin wrote to President Reagan that he felt 'as though I have sent an army to Berlin to wipe out Hitler in the bunker'.

It was inevitable that the conflicting delusions of Begin, pursuing his vendetta against Arafat/Hitler, and Sharon, dreaming of a *pax Israeliana* over the Middle East, should spread doubt and confusion among the public and army. When things began to go wrong, as they did in the second week of the invasion on the outskirts of Beirut, the rest was inevitable tragedy.

But the catharsis of tragedy is not pretty to watch. Dark labyrinths of the Jewish psyche were exposed and philo-semites were forced to acknowledge what anti-semites gleefully pointed out, namely that Hitler had done his evil only too well, and Israel had become a nation like any other, with no justified assumption of innate moral superiority. Again, it was Begin who provided the tell-tale remark. The massacres in Sabra and Chatilla were merely 'goyim killing goyim'.

By now, though, the fever has abated, even if it is too soon to assess the full extent of its ravages. It is left to Mr Peres and his coalition to extricate themselves as best they can from the Lebanese quagmire. At least one gives thanks that the manic years of Likud wish fulfillment are over. A bruised Israel and a shamed Diaspora are tentatively examining their wounds in a way that gives hope for more modest national aspirations in the future.

No doubt I will be asked by fellow Jews why I am raking the embers now. The answer lies in a Chasidic story told by a great teacher, Nahman of Bratslav, about some servants who brought their King distressing news. The harvest had been gathered in, but whoever ate of the crop became mad. Not to eat of the harvest would mean starvation; to eat of it would mean madness. What should be done? said the King. 'We all must eat of this crop. But a few of us must remember what the effect will be, to remind us all that we are mad'.

After a folly like Lebanon, we Jews must constantly remind ourselves. □

Rabbi David Goldberg is minister of the Liberal Jewish Synagogue in St John's Wood, London.

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SOVIET UNION

BREAKING THE TIES OF ISLAM

Gary Mead reports on the challenge of Iran

CAN THE SOVIET Union co-exist with Islamic fundamentalism? Six years ago the question scarcely required an answer: the collapse of the Shah of Iran appeared to suit Soviet foreign policy quite perfectly. At the time there was much mutual back-slapping between Iranian and Soviet leaders.

Even now, though this relationship is less than harmonious, Moscow does its best to keep some warmth going on its side at least. On 11 February, for example, Radio Moscow carried a commentary in Persian, recalling the sixth anniversary of the Iranian revolution, describing the change as one in which 'the Islamic Republic emerged to replace the Empire of Iran'. The whole broadcast was honeyed in tone, noting for example that the last (26th) Congress of the Soviet Communist Party had observed that 'a liberation struggle can rise under the banner of Islam', perhaps the highest praise the Soviet leadership can bestow. The only sign that all is not well came towards the end of the broadcast: 'Unfortunately, some of Teheran's media attempt to darken and cast doubt on the friendly policy of the Soviet Union and of other socialist countries towards Iran'.

Initially, the Soviet Union welcomed the Iranian revolution for reasons that are now part of history: thousands of political prisoners were released, many of them members of the pro-Moscow Tudeh communist party; the US was ousted from one of its strongest positions of influence in the Middle East; and Russians were made at least somewhat welcome in a country from which they had previously been virtually excluded.

But most of the Tudeh members have since been excluded by order of the same Mullahs who released them and the Soviet Union has not gained the political influence it desired. A recent article in *Pravda* (6 March) complained of what it termed the 'anti-Soviet campaign in Iran'. With evident pique, *Pravda* claimed that over 150 industrial projects are now underway in Iran, with Soviet assistance and backing. And in return — cutbacks in the number of Soviet diplomats allowed in Iran, Soviet journalists denied visas for years and, most irritating of all, willing assistance to refugees from Afghanistan to set up military training camps, from which they launch attacks on their home country. The Iranian revolutionary leadership certainly seems to have learnt one basic lesson from Soviet history — the importance of taking economic assistance from any available source without accepting more than the minimum of political influence.

The bitterest pill for Moscow is Iranian support for Afghan opposition to the Soviet military invasion. Moscow's early support of Iran's revolution has not in return produced Teheran's acceptance of what Soviet troops are doing to Iran's Islamic neighbours. Iran shares

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a 2,000 kilometre border with the Soviet Union and one half as long with Afghanistan, across which refugees stream into a country where, as in Islamic Pakistan, they receive succour and military security. In January this year Radio Moscow bitterly complained that 'reactionaries' in Iran first violated Afghan airspace and then permitted the shelling of an Afghan border post from Iranian territory. Iran has condemned the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan from the start, in December 1979 — to the chagrin of Moscow, the ties of Islam have shown themselves to be considerably stronger than any mutual interests in opposing US imperialism.

The Soviet view of Islamic fundamentalism is, like much of its ideology, flexible and pragmatic. Islamic Pakistan is a dependency of the US, and therefore regarded as a threat to stability in the region. In Afghanistan, Islam is a reactionary force holding back the revolutionary wishes of the people. With Iran, Islam was — and so far probably still is — a force for the overthrow of capitalist imperialism and, therefore, a 'good thing'. The Soviet view of the Iran-Iraq war is that it is an absurd conflict instigated by Western imperialism, and both sides should realise that.

When it comes to domestic affairs, though, Soviet policy on Muslim believers is less supple. In theory Islam is just another religion, officially tolerated by a State which has built-in guarantees of religious freedom. In practice, Islamic religious leaders in the USSR are political appointees, trotted out on useful public occasions, as when Radio Moscow broadcast an appeal by the Imam of Moscow's mosque, on 6 February, for an end to the Iran-Iraq conflict. The Imam said that Islam 'dictates that world peace will rule mankind', a view that might well be disputed by scholars of the Koran in both Teheran and Baghdad.

In those Soviet republics with large and rapidly expanding Muslim populations, in Central Asia and particularly in Kazakhstan and Turkmenistan, the official media both strongly denies that Muslim believers are experiencing state-sanctioned repression, and also conducts a relentless campaign to eradicate religious belief. The official newspaper *Soviet Turkmenistany* carries a regular feature called 'Atheist's Correspondence Course', Ashkhabad Radio has a slot called 'Atheist's Rostrum', which in recent weeks has featured items on the danger of religious practices, including one intrinsic element of Islam, regular fasting. On 20 February, it proudly announced that under Soviet rule the Turkmen people 'has got rid of its former backwardness and freed itself for ever from the drug of religion' — an assertion that begs so many questions.

If Islam is tolerated why should it be eradicated? If Islam has died out why stage 'Atheist Weeks' in Turkmen State University or open new schools for lecturers in atheism in Ashkhabad?

The Soviet Union encourages Islamic fundamentalism abroad when it tallies with the foreign policy of Moscow, but at home and close to home the movement is a cause for anxiety. The Soviet leadership's claim that its political view of the world is unified and consistent is not borne out in the case of Islam. □

SOUTH AFRICA

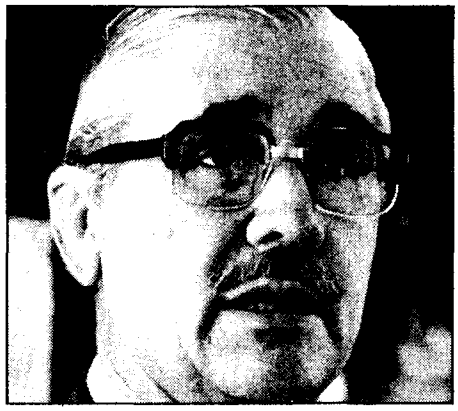
POLICE FIRE AS RULERS SPLIT

Phillip van Niekerk on last week's massacre

Johannesburg

SOUTH AFRICA'S National Party government is facing its biggest crisis in 37 years after the massacre last week of a still undetermined number of blacks in the Eastern Cape township of Langa on Sharpeville Day.

The deaths — which official figures put at 19, but which unofficial sources say could have been as high as 45 — came at an already sensitive moment for the government in its attempts to stave off further international isolation, in particular economic sanctions by the United States. It has further exacerbated unrest and the mood of anger in black townships, undermining domestic and foreign confidence in an economy already experiencing a severe slump.



Camera Press

Louis Le Grange, backed by Botha

Serious rifts within the goverment have been exposed as a result. All evidence, other than that provided by 'law and order' minister Louis Le Grange, points to the conclusion that police fired on a peaceful funeral procession. As the crowd fled, police continued to fire a fusillade of bullets from two armoured military vehicles which had sandwiched it on a stretch of road leading out of the township. There was an immediate succession of house-burning and revenge killings on black policemen of town councils and on their families.

Apart from international and local reactions of anger and outrage, there has been astonishment that the image-sensitive government could have allowed the incident to happen — that the police fired on the crowd instead, at the very least, of trying other methods of crowd control.

South Africa has had more than a quarter of a century of unrest in black urban areas. The deep scars of the Soweto killings of 1976, the sustained unrest which has rocked South Africa since last September and strident attempts by the government to convince others that it is reforming itself, have led people to suppose that the police would employ less vicious means of dealing with blacks. Veteran human rights campaigner Helen Suzman commented that the police were becoming a 'law unto themselves' and appeared totally out of control.

The explanation of the massacre could lie in a schism within the ruling elite — now extended to include those 'Coloured' and Indian leaders who have agreed to participate in the new three-chamber parliament — over how to deal with the country's political, economic and international crisis. One tactical option is simply to increase repression, to jail all political dissidents and, like Rhodesia two decades ago, say to an indignant world audience that white South Africa will 'go it alone'.

A more sophisticated path is to 'reform', or, put more correctly, to restructure the South African state, buying off privileged sections of the black population and gaining the backing of the Western powers. This would entail the fine-honing of the policy of apartheid, ridding it of the more blatant aspects of racism, and moving toward a Western capitalist system embedded in 'separate development' for blacks and whites.

The major obstacle to the 'reform' option is that structures have been set up and attitudes engendered among whites during more than 30 years of consolidating a white minority racist state, which are threatened by even the most trivial reforms. In 1981 the ultra right-wing Conservative Party under Dr Andries Treurnicht split from the NP over the proposal to create parliaments for the Indian and 'Coloured' minorities, a move which was massively rejected by blacks, and kept power in the hands of the NP anyway.

The Conservative Party is increasingly gaining support from disenchanted whites, who are being squeezed by a collapsing economy and see the government as 'selling' out the white man. Many of the leading members of the police force and army are believed to be members of or sympathizers with the Conservatives though they could never openly declare their political views.

The 'Frankenstein Monsters' of apartheid South Africa are hindering new strategies in foreign relations as well as internal reform. The Nkomati accord has come close to collapse in recent weeks, as the armed bandits of the Mozambique Resistance Movement (MNR) have continued their assault on the economically weakened government of President Samora Machel. Despite a genuine desire by leading government ministers for the accord to succeed, the suspicion has remained that dissident elements of the defence and police forces are still covertly supporting the MNR which was originally openly backed by the South African government.

IN A SIGNIFICANT reshuffle last week, a key reformist, Louis Nel, Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs, replaced the Commissioner of Police, General Johan Coetzee, as chair of the South African-Mozambique Joint Security Commission. General Coetzee and Mr Le Grange, the Minister in Charge of Police, are regarded as hardliners within the ruling party.

After the Uitenhage shootings, five of the eight parties in parliament — including the Nationalists' 'Coloured' and Indian partners in government and the small liberal opposition, the Progressive Federal Party — called for the resignation of minister Le Grange over the incident.

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Though two of the parties — the 'Coloured' Labour Party and the Indian National People's party — later cooled their statements, the initial response exposed an unprecedented rift within the government. The resignation call was firmly rebuffed by President P. W. Botha, who came out in full support of Le Grange.

The resignation call was prominently reported in the two leading Sunday papers, the Afrikaans language, NP-supporting *Rapport* and the English language *Sunday Times*. Both papers are regarded as being close to the 'reformist' wing of the NP, and in particular to foreign and information minister Pik Botha, who has shown himself a master at using the media.

Two other major breaks in the ruling NP have occurred in the past eight years. The first was when then Defence Minister P. W. Botha ousted Dr Connie Mulder to get the post of Prime Minister, politically eliminating the discredited 'information scandal' leaders, including former Prime Minister B. J. Vorster.

The second was the Conservative Party breakaway in 1981, which took the ultra right-wing out of the NP, but still left a number of hardliners and militarists within the party. Both schisms happened as the apartheid State found itself under external pressure and faced with the need to restructure to survice. The outcome of the split was a new constitution, granting limited rights to the 'Coloured' and Indian sections of the black population.

The pressures from the outside world (including particularly the disinvestment campaign in the United States), a declining economy and black exiled and domestic resistance are forcing the government to restructure again — creating new rifts. Today there appears to be a definite, though still muted, attempt by hardliners to subvert the 'reformists' even in those limited concessions they are prepared to make.

Yet even the most far-reaching reforms which they are prepared to offer at this stage — such as granting freehold property rights for city blacks and an extra-parliamentary decision-making structure with black leaders — have been massively rejected by the leaders of the black majority, such as the African National Congress, the United Democratic Front and the trade unions.

With a policy which is neither acceptable to a sizeable and powerful minority of whites or to the black majority, the government is leading South Africa further into the political crisis. Uitenhage violently suggests that it is losing control at the same time. □

This England

£3 book tokens for entries printed. (On postcards, please.)

□Jobless residents depressed at living in Doles Crescent and Doles Avenue, are having their street names changed by Barnsley council to Meadstead. — *Daily Mirror* (Joan Barraclough)

□A thief who stole a pile of Max Bygraves tapes from an old people's hotel in Hayling Island last week, broke in again later to return them with a note saying he hated them. — *New Musical Express* (Rob Morrow).

XENOPHOBIA

RISE OF THE 'HIDEOUS BEAST'

As hostility to refugees and immigrants in W. Europe mounts, Nicholas Bell reports on a move to resist it

> Xenophobia, the hatred of the foreigner, is once again, as not so long ago, spreading in Europe, propagated and inflamed by certain members of the press.
>
> What hypocrisy! At the time when there were still plenty of jobs going and when nobody could be found for certain occupations we fetched foreigners and made them do what we call the 'dirty work'. To this day they continue to carry out these tasks, but xenophobia has now reached such a level that no one even raises the question any more of who will replace them once they have been expelled.
>
> The 'hideous beast' is rising again amongst us. And, as before, governments are being weak and are not combatting this climate of hate . . . What starts with xenophobia ends with war. Today one must have the courage to rise up against such tendencies — otherwise, the tragic experiences which make up our history will have been in vain.

FORMER AUSTRIAN Chancellor Bruno Kreisky's warning, given during a speech in November at Dachau in West Germany, expresses well the sentiments which lie behind the decision of CEDRI (European Committee for the Defence of Refugees and Immigrants) to hold a week-long congress in Southern France in April in which Kreisky will be participating.

Throughout Europe, there has been a distinct deterioration in the conditions faced by refugees and immigrants. In West Germany, Turks are extradited and expelled; xenophobia is no longer limited to certain sections of the population, but has become part of the official language of the authorities. In Britain, Commonwealth citizens who have lived in the country for 15 years and have brought up a family there are suddenly designated 'illegal' and deported. The 'policy of dissuasion' pioneered by the Germans in the early '80s with their refugee assembly camps, employment prohibitions and forced labour (*NS* 3/12/82) has even been taken up by countries like Switzerland, held up by some as a model for its human rights record.

Deepening economic crisis provides fertile ground for crass media exploitation of sentiments of insecurity; simplistic solutions are suggested — the immigrant/unemployment statistical equation works wonders in electoral propaganda.

A bleak picture, but there has also been organised resistance. Over the last couple of years, since its foundation in October 1982, CEDRI has come across dozens of local initiatives launched by groups of people who refuse to accept such a situation. History has shown too often that a vulnerable group, such as immigrants, are but the first victims of an escalating development which soon engulfs far larger circles. Every system in crisis looks for its 'enemy within'.

Resistance has taken many forms. In Bern, in Switzerland, a couple of doctors offer sanctuary in their house to refugees facing deportation; threatened by the government with legal action, they launch an appeal for others to join their campaign. Over 300 replied within a week, declaring that they have the right to give asylum to whomever they want in their homes. In another town, a priest has been able to find enough families in his locality to give refuge to 500 Africans.

One small French town has given its immigrant population the right to vote in local referenda without waiting for appropriate national legislation. On a far larger scale, councils in Britain, such as the GLC, are setting up Ethnic Minorities Units and have started — for the first time — to genuinely tackle these problems. In Reagan's America the Sanctuary Movement is flourishing, saving hundreds of Salvadorean refugees from deportation and an all too certain fate at the hands of El Salvador's right-wing dictatorship.

In several countries, lawyers who have specialised in immigration and refugee cases — or who have occasionally found themselves confronted by the complicated national and international legislations involved — have come together and formed a co-ordinating network. By exchanging information and experiences they can often succeed in avoiding a deportation or in achieving asylum for a refugee.

THROUGHOUT Europe, such initiatives are often isolated, suffering attacks by the authorities and the media. But they represent an immense potential force. In 1983, over 400 municipalities in 15 countries responded to CEDRI's appeal and actively participated in campaigns for people in danger, both immigrants to Europe and those living in their countries of origin. Four international delegations of Mayors, MPs and local councillors travelled to Turkey to observe the mass-trial of the Mayor and citizens of Fatsa.

One aim of the conference is to assemble foreign forces which have so far been scattered and to set up an effective system of co-ordination. Such a Europe-wide network could form alarm committees ready to intervene in urgent cases of abuse and to elaborate concrete proposals, such as co-operatives, to create employment. The real long-term solution lies however in better balanced relations between North and South, both within Europe and with the Third World, based on a genuine decentralised co-operation, direct solidarity (twinnings, international brigades . . .) and interventions against dictatorships which 'create' refugees.

CEDRI has already had some successes in this field. Last Summer, for example, CEDRI and other organisations organised a commission of enquiry to investigate the scandalous treatment by the Swiss Red Cross and government officials of African refugees in an assembly camp at Fribourg. Then, last month, the Red Cross announced a remarkable turn-round; it is now firmly opposed to the lodging of asylum applicants in camps, and thinks instead they should be housed with families: policies which CEDRI has been proposing for years. □

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LETTERS

Bill of Rights, civil rights

P. M. Roth, Gray's Inn, London WC1

Professor Griffith suggests (*NS* 15 March) that enacting the European Convention on Human Rights into domestic law as a Bill of Rights would make less likely the passing of specific laws protecting individual liberties. That argument may have some attraction in theory, but in practice any enthusiasm that politicians may have while in opposition for such legislation tends to evaporate once they come into government. It would be hard to underestimate the contribution towards civil rights in the United States made by the US courts' interpretation of the Bill of Rights in the US Constitution.

It is unfortunate that Professor Griffith's criticism of the English judiciary is so misleading and inaccurate. The judges' interpretation of the Contempt of Court Act 1981 is given as a major example of their approach to questions of 'the public interest'. Professor Griffith suggests that, notwithstanding the change in the law made by section 5 of that Act following the European Court judgment in the *Sunday Times* thalidomide case, English law still does not comply with the European Convention.

This view is supposedly based on a later case concerning the *Daily Mail* in which, says Professor Griffith, 'Lord Diplock went out of his way to say that, in his opinion, that section could have provided no defence for the *Sunday Times* in the circumstances of the thalidomide case'. In fact, Lord Diplock said nothing of the kind. He merely pointed out the marked contrast between the *Daily Mail* article, which made no reference whatever to the trial of the paediatrician Dr Leonard Arthur, and the *Sunday Times* case where the whole subject matter of the article was the pending thalidomide litigation (not possible future litigation, as Professor Griffith states). Even if Professor Griffith were correct, and UK law still did not comply with the Convention on this point, that would surely be an argument in favour of, not against, enactment.

While the trial judge's direction to the jury in the Ponting case can certainly be criticised, it must be remembered that in view of the acquittal this never came to be tested before a higher court. Significantly, the Attorney General has declined to refer this direction to the Court of Appeal for consideration.

As for the recent GCHQ decision, Professor Griffith is of course entitled to his view of the quality of the evidence furnished by the government in the proceedings, but he can hardly complain that the Law Lords 'brushed aside' a lack of evidence when they variously described the evidence before them as 'abundantly clear', 'ample' and 'compelling'. On the contrary, the striking aspect of that case was surely how close the government came to losing in the House of Lords, where they failed on all but one of their arguments. That case shows how unwise it would be today to regard Lord Denning's passage from the Hosenball decision of 1977 (the only substantive citation from a judgment in Professor Griffith's article) as still representing the law.

These are no minor quibbles. They strike at the root of Professor Griffith's argument. At present, the UK is a party to the European Convention, but a citizen injured by a breach of the Convention cannot obtain redress before the UK Courts. That is surely a most unsatisfactory position. Giving the individual directly enforceable rights is a much more powerful sanction against executive abuse than the mere support for bodies watching for authoritarian encroachments that Professor Griffiths advocates.

Bigger than either of us

Craig Raine, Faber and Faber, London WC1

A final word about the debate between myself and John Lucas (*NS passim*). Our correspondence should have made it clear, I hope, that it is possible to raise an objection, or to admit a mistake, without the common assumption that one party is attacking while the other is defending. John Lucas and I just happen to be very interested in poetry, which is more important than either of us — as his handsomely disinterested letter (*NS* 22 March) made clear. The *New Statesman* is extremely fortunate to have him as its poetry reviewer.

Roots in Black writing

Paul Gilroy, London N4

If Francis Mulhern's (*NS* 22 March) patronising attempt to annexe Alice Walker and make her over in his own socialist feminist image wasn't so embarrassing it would be offensive. The tradition of black writing in which she stands is a less recent development than he suggests. It has its own tradition of 'alienation effects' and they have little to do with Brecht though they are rooted in black disenchantment with the practice of socialist and communist organisations in the US.

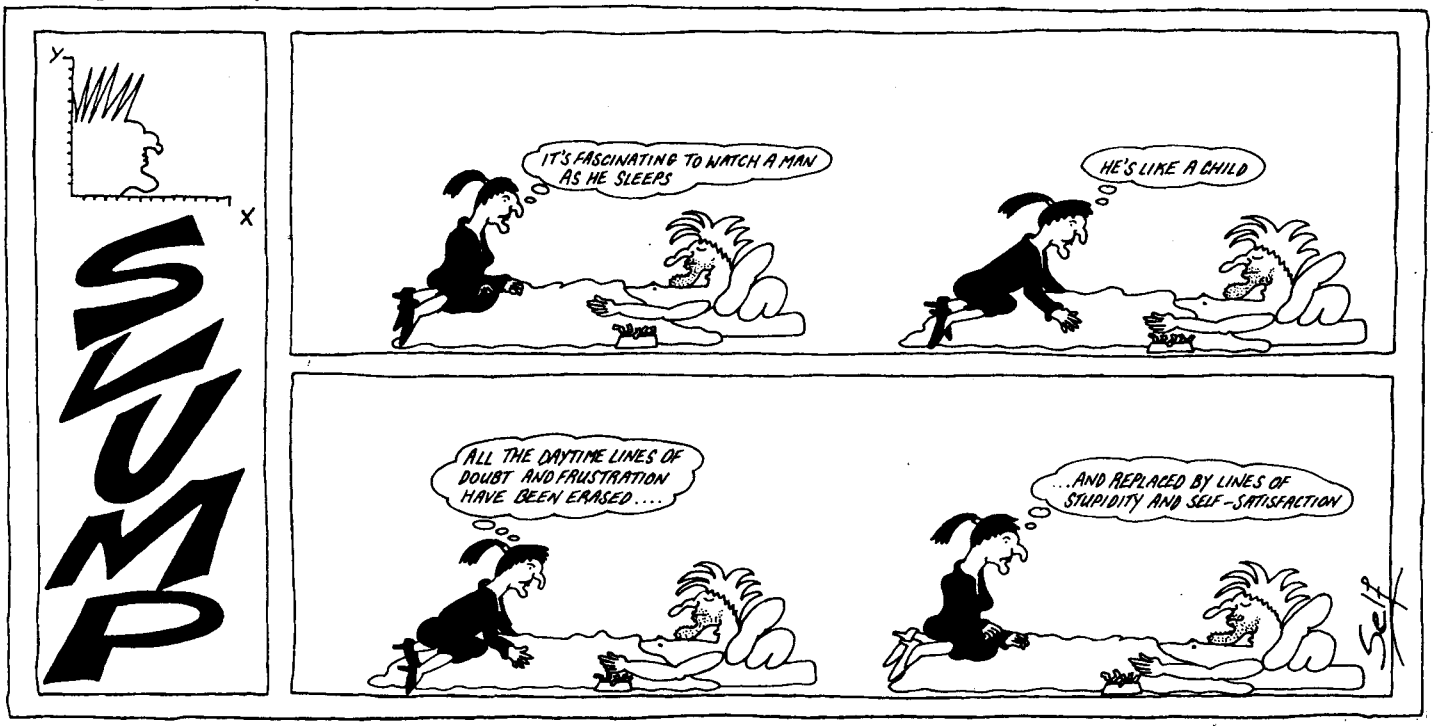
It may be that Mulhern has not so far discovered Nella Larsen's *Quicksand* (1928), Zore Neale Hurston's *Their Eyes Were Watching God* (1937), Ann Petry's *The Street* (1947), Rallph Ellison's *Invisible Man* (1952) or Richard Wright's *The Outsider* (1953). If he has, then he should be able to see that these books and others like them construct the conflict between women and men (black and white) in complex ways which defy his banal and eurocentric notions. If he hasn't yet deigned to read these writers or Langston Hughes, Jean Toomer, Margaret Walker, Jessie Faucet and the rest, then his ignorance of their tradition should not be allowed to protect him. It is a tradition which has been, in part, defined against the malevolent misrepresentation of black writing by white critics and experts, even those who profess socialism.

Jewish anti-racism

David Rosenberg, Jewish Cultural and Anti-racist Project, London SE1

I am writing to correct the misquotes and misinformation contained in Michael Coren's article on Black/Jewish relations (*NS* 15 March).

First, I was quoted as saying 'I've been at meetings where young West Indians have said [Leon] Brittan is a Jew, Brittan is a racist. They're wrong but they take some convincing.' In fact I had pointed to instances where some Black people at our meetings had linked Brittan's role in Home


Y
X
SLUMP
IT'S FASCINATING TO WATCH A MAN AS HE SLEEPS
HE'S LIKE A CHILD
ALL THE DAYTIME LINES OF DOUBT AND FRUSTRATION HAVE BEEN ERASED....
...AND REPLACED BY LINES OF STUPIDITY AND SELF-SATISFACTION

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Office racism to the fact that he was a Jew, and drawn broader conclusions alleging Jewish indifference to anti-Black racism. We pointed out in response that Home Office policy *is* racist and Brittan's role in it derives from being a member of a right-wing Tory government not from being a Jew, just as his rise to prominence in the Tory party is from his allegiance to Thatcherism and in spite of being a Jew. It says nothing about general Jewish attitudes to racism, which vary considerably.

Second, at the end of the article I was quoted with regard to 'extremists'. I regard this word as the domain of right-wing political discourse and certainly did not use it.

Third, the article states that the Jewish Socialists' Group is launching a new magazine — *Jewish Socialist* — 'next month. . . to give a louder voice to Jewish racism'.* The magazine is out now and it will give a louder voice to Jewish *anti-*racism.

Having set the record straight, I still find the general thrust of the article very disturbing. It imputes an apparent inevitability to the worsening of Black/Jewish relations, and increasing Jewish alienation from the Left. In so doing it draws on a stereotypical socio-economic and political profile of the Jewish community as advanced by its more politically conformist, affluent and powerful elements. Like other ethnic communities, the Jewish community is diverse. It continues to suffer various forms of anti-semitism. Many sectors within it are feeling the pinch of economic decline; many Jews are prominent in fighting racism. Given that, it is important to analyse Black/Jewish relations with a view to developing strategies for uniting Jews with other ethnic groups and the Left against current problems. To do that we must move beyond Michael Coren's negative and dismissive approach.

**Ed note*: This was a printing error. Mike Coren wrote 'to give a louder voice to Jewish *radicalism*.'

Aubrey Lewis, Manchester

In the 1970s, even before I helped found the Manchester branch of the Anti-Nazi League, and when I led members of the Jewish Socialists' Group (which I also helped to found but which I later left to the tender mercies of its increasingly anti-Zionist and Trotskyist leadership) onto the streets against racism and fascism, the instruments I most clearly recall as being eagerly sought by demonstrators, no matter how revolutionary or anti-Zionist, were the leaflets produced by the Board of Deputies of British Jews.

The Board, indeed, raised the banner of anti-fascism in the days when most of the moderate Left and other democratic segments of British society were dithering about the need for public action.

The suggestion that 'the older generation of Jewish activists. . . currently in leading positions are far from militant in either exposing friction between Jews and Blacks, or coming out strongly against anti-Black prejudice', whomsoever it is supposed to refer to, does not apply to the Board's leaders. More than one of them have, *very recently*, been urging Jewish audiences not to let hostility from some Black communities put them off working for ethnic unity against racism.

Did Rose read it?

Nicholas Maxwell, London WC1

In his review of my book *From Knowledge to Wisdom*, Steven Rose accuses me of being stronger on morality than on politics (*NS* 8 March). He asks rhetorically 'Suppose that what is of most value is the creation of a neutron bomb or a more lethal nerve gas, by what rule does the philosophy of wisdom say nay?'

I am baffled. Throughout my book I argue that the proper basic task of the academic enterprise is to help humanity resolve its problems of living in more and more *co-operatively rational* ways. This programme of progressive co-operativism is of course in part moral — as well as being intellectual and methodological. But it is also, as I repeatedly emphasize, economic, political and international. Resolving conflicts in co-operatively rational ways quite obviously cannot involve employing neutron bombs and nerve gases. So grotesque is Professor Rose's misrepresentation of my book that I can only conclude he has not bothered to read it.

FEEDBACK

Cinema for people

THERE ARE LOTS of social, economic and political reasons for the Left to want a lively and flourishing British film industry. By sweeping all except the narrowest and most sectarian of them away, Mandy Merck (*NS* 15 February) weakens and very nearly destroys the case for substantial government subsidy, without which, as she points out, British cinema in general and the British Film Institute's Production Division in particular, cannot survive.

One couldn't, perhaps, expect her to go for anything as broad and generalized as the need for lively and diverse entertainment, or for the long-term economic benefits and the additional employment opportunities that would come from a healthy film industry, although all these points must be on any future Left government's agenda.

One might, though, have imagined she would have given some thought to the struggle for cultural independence from Hollywood domination, waged over many decades by sections of the British film industry; to the need for audiences to have the option of being gripped by the drama of life in Brixton and Byker as well as in California and Kentucky.

What's really disturbing, though, is her dismissal of the most obvious point for the Left — that when lots of mainstream films are being made, some of them will be vaguely progressive and a few will be downright radical, and that there are plenty of politically committed and experienced film-makers and screenwriters raring to have a go in forms which could satisfy box-office considerations — another way of saying that they could attract a lot of filmgoers.

She isn't interested in the development of the imaginative, low-budget risk-taking policy that emerged so effectively when Mamoun Hassan headed the National Film Finance Corporation. She can't even resist a sneer at that very Production Division for whose survival she is pleading, on account of what she calls its 'glossier' productions.

What, then, is she after? Her sole concern, it appears, is with a handful of avant-gardeists whose films, she claims, 'have changed filmgoers' notions of history and sexuality, documentary and fiction' over the past decade.

Which filmgoers? Most of the films that get the Merck seal of approval are celluloid academic theses presented in a style which is wholly inaccessible to most people. Some of them are better cinema-emptiers than a bomb-scare. When I put on *The Riddle of the Sphinx* at Tyneside Cinema, at the request of a radical feminist group, 22 women turned up. The lights went up at the end to reveal that only three had stayed the course.

It was a brave move, indeed, for Channel 4 to screen some of the films on the 'approved' list; but even this doesn't satisfy MM's purist soul. In a sentence which is more like a bad pun than a serious political statement, she bites the most generous of hands to have fed experimental cinema in this country with the weird pronouncement that TV 'tends to take the social out of socialist'. It separates producer from viewer, she explains, and renders 'political exchange almost impossible'. A film, she implies, isn't worth screening unless film-maker and audience can discuss it together afterwards — an indulgence for the self-chosen few, and to hell with the rest of us.

Beneath this insulting elitism lies a naive but persistent misconception of the processes of communication. It's interesting, of course, to hear what the makers of a film meant to convey. But what matters is what each viewer makes of the film itself. That — along with the next day's discussion with work-mates and neighbours — is where the true political exchange comes in.

I didn't like *Gandhi* any more than, I gather, Mandy Merck did; from where I stand it appeared to distort history, politics and character. But it has opened the eyes of a lot of apolitical filmgoers to aspects of British imperialism they might not otherwise have thought about (and its box-office success, by stimulating capital investment, opened a door through which better films could emerge). 'I didn't realize the British were as bad as that,' I heard a woman say to her husband on the way out. Does it matter that I happen to think that they were much worse (and that the Mahatma wasn't all the film cracked him up to be, anyway)?

I don't have to like *Gandhi* to be glad it was made, and for parallel reasons I'm glad that subsidy was available for *The Riddle of the Sphinx* to be made. Experiment and theoretical discourse are, of course, as vital a part of a healthy film industry as blockbusters are — and, yes, I agree, of particular importance to the Left. Since Mandy Merck was specifically addressing the Left, however, she is presumably concerned with social change. Ultimately the value of experimentation has to be assessed by the extent to which it interacts with mainstream cinema and TV — and with mainstream audiences, without whose active and conscious involvement society cannot be changed.

There is a scattering, throughout the country, of workshops and other groupings which are developing new and more accessible approaches to alternative film-making. To select one particular little pocket of theoretical discourse as the sole reason for wanting to see British cinema properly subsidized is both arrogant and self-defeating.

As one of the few remaining sources of film-making subsidy the BFI's Production Division has a more important role than ever to play in fostering new talent, fresh ideas and experimentation. The campaign for its survival — and for renewed subsidy over the whole spectrum of film production — does indeed need support; not, though, on the basis of the few, but for the millions.

Nina Hibbin

Nina Hibbin is a film journalist, critic and historian.

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From mother to daughter

Once regarded as a tool of patriarchy, psychoanalysis has since been reclaimed by varying strands of socialism and feminism for both its theoretical and therapeutic values. Here SUSIE ORBACH gives her controversial account of what constitutes a distinct psychology of women

DURING THE last decade, more and more women have taken up an interest in psychotherapy and the psychology of women, a development that has been accompanied by a range of antagonistic responses from various sections of the Women's Liberation Movement. The passion that has attached to the various positions — therapy is 'counter revolutionary', therapy is for 'middle class women only', 'therapy zaps your political energy' and so on are fuelled by what can only be characterised as a sense of betrayal. This very feeling of being betrayed, of letting down the sisters, of seeking something outside of the movement confessional, goes right to the heart of central issues in women's psychology, issues which a psychotherapy specifically orientated towards feminism has been attempting to understand and grapple with.

For many of us, participation in the movement and the specific form of the consciousness raising group was not only a psychic lifesaver — socialising as it did our personal isolated difficulties and perceptions — but it was an introduction to a novel way of thinking, of questioning, and of relating. In the consciousness raising group we not only learnt to listen and take seriously our own and other women's experiences, we began to think in new categories and to challenge deeply held assumptions about the most intimate details of daily life. As we did so we discovered that we were not simply 'raising our consciousness'; rather we were changing in the process, redefining possibilities, reconstituting desire and reforming ourselves along feminist principles.

In the process of examining the way we had developed as women we were led to take account of our personal histories in the family and in so doing see the outlines of the interplay of wider social forces on the construction of our personalities. These were exciting times and everything seemed possible. Relationships with women — both sexual and non-sexual — took on a new prominence and there was an optimism about changing the world from the inside out as well as from the outside in. Making women's experience the subject of political inquiry gave many of us in politics the first real sense of a continuity between our experience and the experience of women outside of politics. The consciousness raising group demanded a deep involvement. We were putting into practice 'the personal is political' and while many socialist feminists would have reservations about organising separately, we were strengthened by our participation in women only groups and we were hopeful that the (temporary?) separation from men would precipitate a consideration by the Left as a whole of the fact of the oppression of women. So far so good.

In due course, the dream that the consciousness raising group could 'solve' all of our problems was fractured. Although we felt confident about some of the changes we were able to make, we often found ourselves dogged by unwelcome desires we couldn't understand. Despite raising our consciousnesses we continued to have disturbingly pre-feminist (!) wishes. We recognised with anguish how profoundly the structures of patriarchy had shaped our deepest wants. In addition problems were emerging within the groups and at the same time the hopes we had for reconstituting left politics were diminishing.

Correct line-ism surfaced. It served to cover a host of problems that sisterhood could not cope with. The atmosphere in many groups changed from one of exploration and excitement to one of censure, suspicion and taboo. Feminism now began to separate us out from the experience of many other women. We disparaged what other women wanted. We disdained romance, we believed in independence, we rejected the survival

Val Wilmer/Format

Workshop at the national women's liberation conference in 1978 — the last conference to be held before hostile political disagreements fractured the movement

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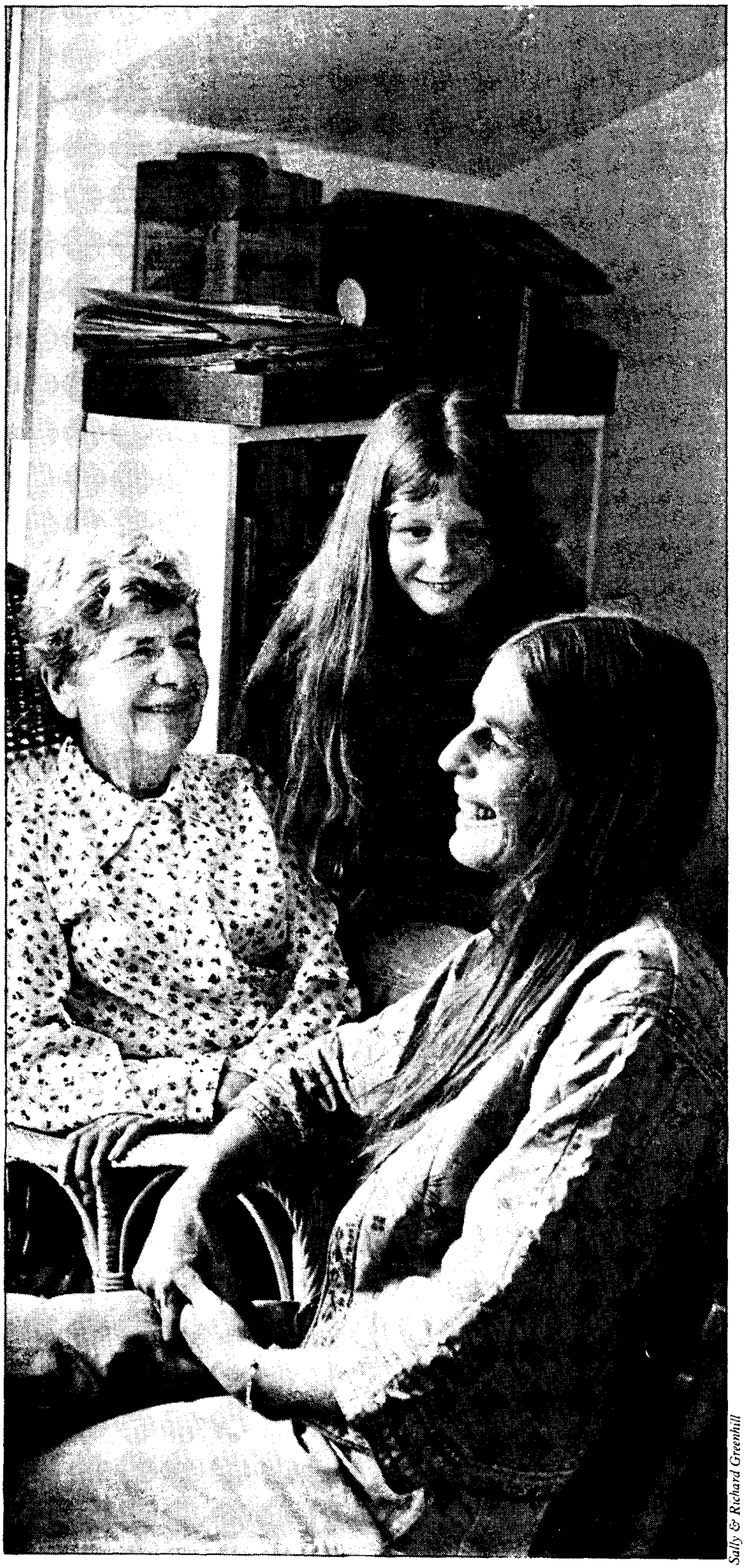
fantasies that centred around knights on white horses. We frowned upon connection with men.

The inability to cope with the difficulties that emerged in many groups led some of us to think that what we needed to do was go beyond changing our consciousness into changing what was in the unconconscious (crude as that notion might strike us as being today when psychoanalysis has permeated most strains of feminist discourse). We felt that there must be something profoundly amiss in women's deep, unconscious feelings towards one another, to explain the intensity of animosity that began to occur both in consciousness raising groups and in other organisational settings throughout the Women's Liberation Movement.

How could it be, we wondered, that we the oppressed were acting towards one another in so vicious and 'unsisterly' a way? What was fueling the hatred, the sense of betrayal, the disappointment? What was making it impossible to disagree without a sense of catastrophe? We needed to confront both the origin and persistence of these feelings directly if feminist demands both at a micro and macro level were truly to make head-way.

THESE THREE strands came together then: an interest in how personal history shapes the individual; an interest in how patriarchy psychically shapes us and a need to understand the animosity that pierced the cover of sisterhood. These problems led to a desire to understand in more detail the particulars of women's psychological construction. Spurred on by Juliet Mitchell's *Psychoanalysis and Feminism*, many women were now drawn to psychoanalysis. Psychoanalysis as a method of inquiry looked as though it might provide an account for the reproduction of feminine psychic structure. And psychoanalysis as a clinical practice could possibly illuminate in the here and now the basis of the antagonisms between women, the difficulties women were having changing and so on. Psychoanalysis could be a tool for change, for making us aware of what was unconscious, so that we might more effectively mediate our 'pre-feminist desires'.

But the turn to psychoanalysis was not unproblematic. Freudian theory, despite Mitchell's rehabilitation, remained deeply suspect to many. An instintinctually based theory of human nature (in which eros and thanatos warred with each other in the individual psyche) was seriously at odds with the view of human nature we had inherited from Marx. In addition much



Mothers and daughters — an emotional cycle which is at the core of some feminist psychotherapies

Sally & Richard Greenhill

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clinical practice was explicitly reactionary *vis à vis* women and, apart from a few notable exceptions, developments in Freudian theory were, to say the least, uncongenial towards women. Thus feminists interested in psychoanalysis had to modify it seriously in one way or another in order to continue their various projects and explorations.

Mitchell's rereading of Freud drew on the work of the French psychoanalyst Lacan and structuralism. A reworking of the Oedipal myth and the castration complex become the mechanism for the understanding of how girls and boys come to take their designated places in the patriarchal order. The mother-child relationship, Mitchell argued, is framed within a prevailing social order in which 'the law of the father' must be internalised. The development of the human subject occurs hand in hand with its emergence as a sexed category through the Oedipal phase.

The essentiality of gender to the process of becoming a subject was taken up by the other main strand in feminist psychoanalytic theory but in a rather different way. In this account gender is a central feature of personality from birth (if not before through the imaginings of the parent). This is the crucial difference in the theory developed by Mitchell and myself and those who are regarded as developing a feminist 'object relations' account. The mother-daughter relationship is 'privileged', or made central to this account, so that the *actual* relationship between mother and child takes on enormous significance. The complex of feelings, ideas and conscious and unconscious experience that the mother (as the predominant child rearer) has about femininity, masculinity, her own and her child's, play a crucial role in creating distinct psychologies in men and women.

THE MOTHER-DAUGHTER relationship is shaped by the social world that mothers live in and that daughters must enter. And the mother's psychology was shaped in the same way by *her* mother. In this social world the two key features of women's psychology are that women should *not* be emotionally dependent — but instead provide a dependent relationship that *others* may rely on; and they should not initiate as people with their own autonomous needs but act instead as midwives to the aspirations of others.

As a result of these underpinnings in feminine psychology, women come to feel hesitant about their needs, and indeed their very selves, and they are encouraged to seek validation by looking outwards. A girl grows up turning much of her attention outside of herself both to attend to the needs of others and to achieve the approval of others by mirroring their projections. Girls gravitate towards the authority of others and deny, ignore, or suppress many needs and initiations that arise internally. They grow up with a sense of never having received quite enough, and often feel insatiable and unfulfilled.

In not being encouraged to develop her initiating part, and draw a sense of authenticity and strength from that, the girl, later the woman, is victimised by a constant need for affirmation from external sources. Sadly such legitimation is only temporarily soothing. For if one has been discouraged from pursuing one's authentic wishes, one has little experience with the feelings of genuine satisfaction and contentment.

The mother-daughter relationship is the site in which the preconditions are established for the taking up of this sex role. At the same time it prefigures future relationships. In other words, within this relationship, the mother exercises restraint about meeting the needs of her daughter because she cannot afford to convey to her the expectation that such needs will be met later on in life as a matter of course. At the same time she may thwart her daughter's initiatives, supporting instead aspects of her behaviour that conform with appropriate notions of 'feminine' activity.

By saying this I am not meaning to imply that mothers are consciously witholding, nor that mothers are aware of being part of a dynamic of depriving. Mothers' motivation towards daughters often includes the wish to give their daughters the support, the nurturance that they did not and do not receive themselves. And indeed of course they do. But this desire and the actions that flow from it are in themselves mangled by the unconscious identification of the mother towards a baby girl (a needy little person) and the mothers' life experience with curbing her own needs and desires. As a result there is what can be characterized as a push-pull dynamic in the mother daughter relationship. Sometimes the daughters' needs are responded to and sometimes not. Thus the relationship of a mother to a daughter occurs under conditions of conflict (conscious or unconscious) and the mother-daughter relationship is necessarily ambivalent.

The inconsistency in the mother-daughter relationship does not stem the daughter's desire for this relationship to be one in which she can bring her needs. Indeed, the longing for mother stays with us. Mother becomes embedded in our psychologies as potentially 'all providing' or 'all withholding'. This split experience of the mother may become repressed but it is one which all Western women (who are mother reared) carry. The wish to merge with the 'all providing' mother juggles with the experience of betrayal at the hands of the 'all withholding' one. This imago of mother in turn becomes projected onto women in general. And in becoming women, we experience that split in ourselves. A mass misogyny has been internalised which has paved the way for the most enormous hope and disappointment when women have come together to change their conditions.

WE ARE NOW beginning to get a glimmer of the powerful feelings of betrayal that emerge when women recognise their differences with each other or disappoint each other. As women grow closer to each other they simultaneously open themselves up to the often buried feelings of disappointment and rage experienced at the hands of another woman, their mothers. The distrust, uncertainty and grief from that most central relationship carries over to poison and disrupt women's contemporary relationships with each other. The longing for a community of women is shot through with the knowledge that female bonding is tainted with the consequences of subordination.

We are beginning to make gains in our self understanding and in an understanding of how the patriarchally engendered 'inside' gets outside through our distorted and problematic relationships with other women including our daughters. None of this is meant to say that there do not exist real, substantial political differences among women. The psychological mode of inquiry cannot be a substitute for political action and for political clarity. And we are restricted in exploring and clarifying those differences if we fail to take account of the psychological terrain which so frequently renders those differences in a threatening manner.

But psychoanalysis itself is not a sufficient or necessarily even a political practice. It cannot be a substitute for political work in the public sphere. It is simply a discourse like others that is framed within the political and as such can be of use in praxis. The work of feminists in psychotherapy and the psychology of women does not veer away from these murky waters but plunges us directly into them believing that once they are investigated we will have a deeper understanding of how patriarchy is poisonous; we will also have acquired the tools to create more effective ways of working together. □

Susie Orbach is the author, with Luise Eichenbaum, of What Do Women Want *and* Understanding Women, *published today by Penguin at £2.95.*

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For all seasons

Ian S. Wood

Mountbatten
PHILIP ZIEGLER *Collins* £15

'A NEST OF COMMUNISTS' was Evelyn Waugh's verdict after a bibulous visit to Lord Mountbatten's Combined Operations staff in 1943. The notion of Mountbatten's leftism retained a tenacious life of its own and was confirmed in Beaverbrook's mind by his readiness to implement Labour policy as the last Viceroy of India. The McCarthyite Right had him typecast too, it seems, as a sceptic about some of the intellectual crudities of the Cold War.

Philip Ziegler's official biography makes it clear that his subject's ambition was to become indispensable to whatever party was in power. Never modest in assessing his own potential, he succeeded in this, for both Attlee and Macmillan wanted him as Defence Minister while in 1965 Wilson hoped he would go to Rhodesia to rally 'loyalists' against UDI.

He was a *New Statesman* reader who thought Labour Cabinets had higher IQs than Tory ones but his radicalism, if such it was, was tempered with a taste for high living and an obsession with royal and service protocol. His wife Edwina was flamboyantly political, often in ways that embarrassed him. Their relationship has become public property thanks to the serialisation of Mr Ziegler's book and the *News of the World*'s interest in it.

Apparently the Mountbattens, in the words of Lord Louis, 'spent their married life hopping in and out of other people's beds'. The author, however, does not use this to belittle a marriage which survived against all the odds. Edwina was a woman of independent spirit unwilling to be a mere adjunct to her husband's extrovert career. Yet she was more possessive and resentful of his liaisons than he ever was of hers.

If you sailed with Mountbatten in the navy you held on to your hat and preferably your life-jacket too. He captained destroyers in much the same spirit as he drove fast cars, and was lucky not to lose a ship through impetuous misjudgment before the 'Kelly' was sunk off Crete. That said, he saved many men from the sinking and was a commander who knew and cared for his crew-members individually.

From the 'Kelly' it was a short step to Combined Operations where his responsibility for the Dieppe disaster was less than his detractors still claim and his contribution to success on D-Day considerable. By then, Churchill's continued favour had elevated him to South East Asia Command where constant tension was created since he had so many generals and admirals under him who were his seniors in age and substantive rank. Mountbatten was unabashed and cultivated a pro-consular style that would be a foretaste of his time in India. Cornering resources for a half-forgotten campaign was made harder by American suspicions of British motives. After victory in Burma, ambitious plans to re-take Malaya were thwarted by Hiroshima and Nagasaki. At the time Mountbatten was of the opinion that more bombs on Japan might have been justified and there was a long road to travel until the resonance of his 1979 Strasbourg speech on the nuclear arms race.

Camera Press

Lord and Lady Mountbatten: 'a marriage which survived against all the odds'

Mr Ziegler's chapters on India are very impressive and the prosecution case has little to gain from them. He reminds us just how close to failure Mountbatten was in May 1947 when he seemed to lose Nehru's confidence. A capacity, which never deserted him, for intelligent second-thoughts came to his rescue along with V.P. Mennon, who shared Nehru's and his own horror at the Balkanisation of the sub-continent and identified Dominion status within the Commonwealth as something both India and Pakistan would settle for. On partition the die was cast before Mountbatten arrived and driving as hard a pace as he did to the transfer may have kept loss of life within limits. Dreadful though the 1947 massacres in the Punjab were, they were certainly dwarfed by the huge death roll exacted by the 1947 Bengal famine.

As important as the transfer of power was the way it was done. E.M. Forster once called British rule in India a combination of social insult and political injury, but Mountbatten's respect for India and its people was as genuine as the grief prompted there by his assassination in 1979. The warmth of his relationship with Nehru, moreover, was unaffected, it seems, by the latter's now celebrated but possibly platonic affair with Edwina.

The navy remained the focal point of Mountbatten's ambitions and by 1956 he was First Sea Lord. Over the Eden government's Suez adventure he virtually offered his resignation, feeling bound to stay if it was refused. This did not affect his succession three years later to the new position of Chief of the Defence Staff, the culmination of his service career when he basically enlarged the powers both of the Chief of Staff and the Defence Ministry itself.

In retirement he remained the restless workaholic he had always been, with an unabated taste for the public eye and for ceremonial centring upon himself. Offsetting this was an open-mindedness and capacity for self-mockery that contributed much to a diversity of warm personal relationships which ranged far beyond royal and naval circles. The IRA at Mullaghmore killed a man who had done Ireland no harm and the British state much service over a period in which Socialists and democrats could identify with some of its purposes more than they can with those of the gutter patriots now in power. □

Threats to trees

Jonathan Hugh-Jones

In the Rainforest
CATHERINE CAUFIELD *Heinemann* £10.95

TROPICAL RAINFOREST once beautifully girdled the earth, but today that girdle is sadly frayed. An area the size of Britain is deforested or seriously damaged each year. Some countries, like India, have lost all their primary rainforest. Japan fiercely guards her own while macerating everyone else's. We have already destroyed half of what the globe once had.

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In her travels to record this rape, Catherine Caufield met a mountain of circumvented conservation legislation and parades of official apologists speaking of a brave new monocultured world but confessing that 'not all factors have been allowed for'. Indeed not, and in surveying the problems worldwide Caufield perhaps bites off more than she can chew — while for the reader a pithy detail in every sentence can become indigestible. Her aim is to describe the full gamut of threats to the trees. Torn aside for plantations and mines, pulped for paper (650lbs per American per annum), logged and sliced into 480 million disposable chopsticks yearly, the forests are exploited in the very worst sense, and Mother Nature's Revenge can be ruthless; in Colombia the multi-million dollar Rio Anchicaya hydro-electric scheme silted up within 15 years.

With roads and power come the settlers. No one suggests that humankind should keep out of forests; the Lacandon of Central America, the Lawa of Thailand have exploited the habitat in the better sense for centuries. But now inexperienced peasants are shipped in to disrupt the delicate eco-cultural balance, attempting to supplant the knowledge of generations with a brief Departmental survey. That is not to dispute the courage of the settlers, many of whom are literally fighting for their lives.

But we are so deeply ignorant. 'It has been said that we know more about some areas of the moon than we do about tropical rainforests.' While forest dwellers may distinguish several hundred species of useful tree, a mere handful of 'scientists', perhaps two dozen worldwide, are researching rainforest ecology in the field. When the North does start prescribing for conservation, the people of the tropics look at our performance and quite reasonably take offence.

Caufield, an American journalist best known for her pugnacious articles in *New Scientist*, catalogues our blunders and our selfishness. She throws herself energetically into the fray, her graphic writing largely making up for the lack of illustrations. There are dangers in attempting expertise on everything. I don't believe the Dutch Colonial administration was up to no good on Siberut in 1954 — Indonesia was four years independent by then. She claims that reserpine alkaloids are 'widely used' to treat hypertension, but these drugs are inefficient and prone to side-effects; a poor advertisement for a natural pharmacopoeia, reserpine is rarely seen in Britain at least. Caufield describes the bloody battle fought by Brazil's Txukarrama Indians against land seizures as a hopeless, misdirected retaliation. In 1984, however, the Indians won government recognition of their rights; the problem now is keeping officials to their own laws.

But nitpicking should not belittle the importance of the book. Pertinent and passionate, exploring not only the facts but the attitudes displayed by peasants, politicians and loggers, Caufield leaves us with tragically risible images. On the shores of Brazil's Tucurui reservoir they seeded grass to prevent the banks being washed away. But rains dislodged the seed, so now it is germinated under glass and the seedlings planted out over hundreds of acres, blade by blade. □

Want in war

Nigel Cross

Ethiopia: The Challenge of Hunger
GRAHAM HANCOCK *Gollancz* £8.95 & £3.95
Never Kneel Down: Drought, Development and Liberation in Eritrea
JAMES FIREBRACE with STUART HOLLAND
Spokesman £4.95

ETHIOPIAN POLITICS were, until last year, the preserve of the State department and the Kremlin — Ethiopians had little say. But now there is an open season on Ethiopia. Everyone from Bob Geldof to Cardinal Hume, anyone who has 'given to Ethiopia' has a perfect right, and moral duty, to examine the political issues. After all, why should anyone give anything to a country that is spending millions of dollars each week on fratricide?

The two books under review cover most of the issues. Anyone who wants a sober, well-written, succinct, knowledgeable yet personal account of the background to both the war and the famine should read Graham Hancock, a journalist who has spent several years covering events in Ethiopia. Those who instinctively side with the underdog will prefer James Firebrace's and Stuart Holland's account of their ten-day mission to Eritrea in April 1984.

The message of both books is simple: the scale of the tragedy in Ethiopia has been made infinitely worse by the destructive war between the government of Ethiopia (the 'Ethiopian military regime' as Firebrace and Holland like

Peter Howe

The Bulkeley Arms Hotel, Beaumaris

'Ritzy' isn't a word for armchairs —
With black Bechstein grand piano
turned to a cocktail angle
this sepulchral rear foyer gives on to Menai Strait
most contextually. Here nonresidents too
may rest in headscarves and linen jackets
out of blank Snowdonian heat.
Passing through, you run the gauntlet somewhat...
Aged ten I trotted from outer revolving door
right to inner glass double-swinging-doors waving
the yacht my father'd bought at leisure
up Beaumaris's sun-knocked Castle Street.
I had to shout to him
this thing: — Again and again the yacht had sailed
end to end of the paddling pool beside the pier, one
length then the other, out on the water
beyond reach
then back to the opposite short side of the pool
inevitably, like clockwork,
like a train round a track. Only not round but straight
of course, for me to about-turn the yacht
into not wind, no, for there was no wind,
not even a breeze brushing
the skin of my short-trousered legs
as I flew round the pool
like the train round the track, watching the yacht;
there was only this self-evident unfelt breath.
When I crossed that foyer I saw the people smiling.
I mounted desert stairs. Holding up the yacht
I hammered my parents' bedroom door with my free fist...
Today I'm a nonresident wanting a barsnack.
Traipsing under sun in from the car park
behind the hotel I've paused, another stranger
in the rear foyer. I'm watching the seated people.
Unlike the dog come back to its vomit
I want to get overview.

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to call it) and the liberation movements in Eritrea (EPLF) and Tigre (TPLF).

So who is to blame? Hancock does not exactly take sides except to accuse the superpowers of chewing and tugging at Ethiopia in turn. He understands the desire of many Eritreans for independence, and the violent reaction of the Derg (the military government) protecting its own revolution from secession. He endorses the view of Fred Halliday and Maxine Molyneux that 'all nations are historically formed', crudely — the Eritreans should lump it.

> as Halliday and Molyneux put it, 'the choice facing the Eritreans in the period after 1978 was not whether to exercise the right to secession but whether to continue to fight the Ethiopians indefinitely with no realistic expectation of victory'. Regrettably, if understandably, this is the choice that the guerillas have opted for. The people of Eritrea, and of Ethiopia's other 13 provinces, are today paying the price in a famine that could have been avoided, drought or no drought, had the country been at peace.

However, even if there were to be an immediate ceasefire, the relief programme would have to continue for years while a development programme built up behind it. Hancock believes the EPLF and the TPLF should negotiate, in other words concede defeat. He is optimistic that the Derg, now hooked on aid, would be magnanimous and implement the shelved nine-point plan of 1976 which allows for regional autonomy. He points out that, although the Somalis lost the Ogaden War of 1977-78, they have not lost the peace: 'the Somalis have managed to extract the maximum in economic, social and political concessions from a government anxious to prove its magnanimity.'

Holland and Firebrace take the opposite view. They call for the United Nations to support Eritrean independence and for a 'radical change of strategy by the Ethiopian regime'. A pious hope. If the current famine has had an impact on the struggle it has been to weaken further and disperse the people of Eritrea and Tigre.

This is where the charity War on Want comes in. War on Want has decided, quite reasonably, to assist the two million people who are trapped in the Northern provinces outside the mainstream relief effort. And, just as Oxfam, Christian Aid and others have to work in Ethiopia through the rulers of Ethiopia, so War on Want is obliged to work through the effective rulers of Eritrea, the EPLF. However, to operate with the sanction of the rulers is not necessarily to condone their rule.

George Galloway, General Secretary of War on Want, has consistently attacked the Ethiopian government for alleged misuse of food aid. But he denies that his attacks are politically motivated. He has stated categorically that War on Want does not 'support political organisations in conflict'.

James Firebrace is programme officer of War on Want. *Never Kneel Down* is published by Spokesman for War on Want. Its central thesis is that Eritrea has a legitimate right to self-determination and that the EPLF has shown itself to be the responsible voice of the people of Eritrea. This reads like support for a political organisation in conflict.

Admittedly Firebrace and Holland devote much of their book to a favourable description of EPLF development programmes. But these programmes do not constitute a unique development strategy, even if some of them are uniquely successful in the face of overwhelming odds. There is also ample evidence, which Firebrace and Holland do not conceal, that the EPLF — quite understandably — uses development projects to sustain the military struggle — exactly the charge levelled against Ethiopia.

A Labour party resolution on Eritrea is published as an appendix to the book. It calls for a Labour Government to 'provide direct financial and material support to the EPLF and the Eritrean Relief Association (ERA)'. As the EPLF is a fighting force exactly what kind of support does the Labour party have in mind — guns or butter? Presumably Stuart Holland supports this resolution. Does James Firebrace? Does George Galloway?

War on Want has done an excellent job over the years both in relieving suffering and in development education. It is entirely consistent with its humanitarian aims to aid Eritrea, and to work through ERA. But it is dangerous for a relief agency to make a political leap and identify the interests of a suffering population with the political and military objectives of a particular liberation movement. □

POETRY

Taking pleasure

John Lucas

Jouissance
WILLIAM SCAMMELL *Harry Chambers/Peterloo Poets* £4.50
The Covenant
DICK DAVIS *Anvil Press* £3.95
The Non-Aligned Storyteller
THOMAS MCCARTHY *Anvil Press* £3.95
Mister Punch
DAVID HARSENT *Oxford* £4.50

JOUISSANCE by name and 'jouissance' by nature. Although William Scammell's new volume contains a number of elegies it is an immensely enjoyable collection, because he knows that the truest poetry is the most feigning. Love — and fear — may call us to the things of the world, but Scammell's relish for the actual is shaped by his love of craft and of language. So, to take a fairly slight example, in 'Small Talk' he neatly barbers into quatrains the kinds of TV sights where you watch 'the pyramids of strikers, kissing hands,/'the sea-surge of the punters in their cages;/the swelling thighs, the milking of the glands —' The recognisably Larkin-like observant wit is given added point by Scammell's readiness to use a word like 'punters'. His vocabulary is, in fact, wide-ranging and zesty.

So is the matter of his poems. Scammell isn't a philosophical poet but he enjoys ideas and since, as he says in one poem, 'My man's Mr. A.H. Clough', that often means using his wit

World Labour Report
Volume 2

Policy-makers, managers of public and private undertakings, trade unionists, journalists, research workers, teachers and the public at large need a quick and reliable means of comprehending the complex realities of the social and labour scene. In preparing this new volume, launched to survey major contemporary labour problems and issues throughout the world, the ILO has sifted and analysed a mass of relevant information and specialised studies and systematically distilled significant elements, in order to produce an objective survey of the social and labour questions in which the salient facts and most perceptive commentaries of our time are presented clearly and concisely. This new volume covers:

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ISBN 92-2-103848-3 £15.05

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Working women in socialist countries: The fertility connection

Many centrally planned socialist countries are characterised by low birth rates and high female labour force participation rates. They have generous social programmes, including several which help working women, such as extended paid maternity leave, free crèches, additional leave for taking care of a sick child, etc. Their experiences are relevant for countries in the developing world which are concerned about bringing greater equality for men and women in the labour market, high labour force participation for women and lower fertility rates. Important new case studies on the effect of female labour force participation and demographic and labour policies on fertility in Bulgaria, Cuba, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland and the Uzbek SSR are now available in English and brought together in this volume.
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and intelligence to cut up the pretentious. 'I'm reading Lawrence, warming both hands at/his Penguin orange beard. *Take that*!//he cries, and some poor lad in whom the flame/burns low is snuffed out with his winkle curled//and smoking....' There is also a very funny poem about the poets and hangers-on of the 1940s ('The Age of Alcohol'). The excellent 'Documentary', however, uses wit for a different purpose. It's an almost immaculate sonnet which starts from a remark of Jimmy Boyle's 'I cut Babs Rooney but I didn't kill him', and then goes on to contrast the difficult street life where kids are 'alive with pointy shoes in gothic suits/and quiffs as razor-sharp as Alan Ladd's' with the safe world of the TV studios and its 'glare/of deep compassion'.

As that reference to Alan Ladd indicates, Scammell is also Larkin-like in his use of images to pinpoint a social world, although I think he doesn't always get it right. Humph blew his first solos long before 1950 and the Beatles and Stones surely weren't thrashing the summer air of 1961? Still, such errors don't count for much, especially since the poems they come in, 'Ancient and Modern' and 'Metamorphosis' are both good ones, the latter especially. Using Byron's ottava rima Scammell writes about himself as recalcitrant schoolboy and then budding intellectual, with the puzzle of a 'compound stomach'.

> How combine
> In Venn or Boole or any other theory
> transcendent yearnings, Kant and Columbine,
> Paul Klee, *Je est un autre*, and 'Hello deary?'

The answer turns out to be, through love, where 'we took our chance in bed./This covered Greater London in a mist.' It both nicely exploits romantic mush and wryly allows for remembered passion.

Scammell is the luck any small publisher deserves and I hope *Jouissance* sells out again and again. Which isn't to say the volume is free of faults. Oddly enough, most of them have to do with failures of technique, especially rhyme (although I don't see that the extra feet in two lines of 'Metamorphosis' are justified). Why, for example, at the end of the sonnet 'Backing Group', does Scammell leave one line completely unrhymed? Why, in 'Phoenix and Co' does he sometimes abandon couplet rhymes? If you set yourself to use a form shouldn't you see it through rather than abandon it when the going gets tough? Perhaps that's too strong. But there are undoubtedly poems that could benefit from more polish.

The Covenant is very polished. In fact, it's polished to the extent of being smooth and flat. And faded. Does anybody still seriously use such words as 'wrath' and 'gramophone', or speak of 'lucid proof' or of 'Clean, silent air and noble poplar trees'? And should a poet writing in the 1980s go in for such Yeatsian tics as Davis does when he says that an emblem 'Is but the index of his inward care.'? (Contrast Scammell's 'A backhand slice is but a paltry shot,/no backbone to it, *sauve qui peut* unless/hit to the corner baseline, asymptote/plus malice').

This doddery manner is at the service of a frame of mind which is I think meant to be grandly rational, in favour of Culture and Balance, and all that kind of thing, at least as conceived of by the *Daily Telegraph*. 'What draws us here is ordered elegance,/The spirit of a well-proportioned place,' Davis says at the beginning of 'Bath', and adds 'It is the cadence of a distant charm.' It is indeed. Davis's own cadences shuffle meekly into rows of such clichés, such humanly incurious stuff. In 'Near Coltishall' the poet is reading Montaigne as nuclear bombers fly overhead. (Well, he would be, wouldn't he?) Pondering the problem they represent he asks Montaigne 'Which would you choose, my lord,/The cant of government,/The smug cant of dissent?' You mean like the women of Greenham Common, perhaps? The insufferable smugness of this is echoed in poem after poem, where Davis puts himself on show as a fearless man of reason against the barbarians. He begins a poem on 'The Tribe of Ben' by saying 'How easy now to mock/Those who wrote looking back/To rare Ben Jonson's line'; and the implication is that Davis is the man of lonely courage prepared to take his stand against all the literary thugs and trimmers who do down Jonson's followers. All right then, name one. And while you're about it name those other literary thugs who, you claim, think Omar Khayyam is 'crass or merely sick'.

The Non-Aligned Storyteller seems to have its heart in the right place, but not its art. Perhaps McCarthy writes too much. At all events he needs to draw breath and take time off to look at what he's done and how he might improve it. For example, in the opening poem, to Claud Cockburn, the poet invites the journalist to 'Go tell them about the latest nuclear device/And how the world is hanging from a precipice/ That only journalists like you can cure.' Eh? How do you cure a precipice? And what of? A hang-over? And all for the sake of a rhyme with 'for'.

Mister Punch is a much more professional piece of work. It has some strong poems but the stitching is loose and although Punch might seem a suitable medium through which to say something of value about sex and violence — among much else — in the end the sequence feels random and joyless. Back to Scammell. □

Halfway

Tony Beeton

The Transformation of Spain
DAVID GILMOUR *Quartet* £12.95

ON MY WALL there is a poster saying *'Viva La Constitución'*. I brought it back from a visit to Spain in 1981. It was a week or so after Tejero and his Civil Guards had invaded parliament and these posters seemed to be plastered on every available wall in Madrid. They obviously reflected popular sentiment, but they were also a rather nervous defiance of military intervention in Spain's new democracy. Most people believed that further *pronunciamientos* were possible, and the political parties spent the months before the 1982 General Election with both eyes looking over their shoulders towards the army. The Socialists became a very muted opposition embracing the 'politics of harmony', which in fact delivered many policies — including a tough line in the Basque country — intended to appease the Rightist military.

As David Gilmour makes clear in this book, Socialist opposition had been more rhetorical than real anyway, and they had been co-operating behind the scenes with post-Franco governments throughout the transition to democracy. He views this as a victory for pragmatism and restraint. The Left were shifted from an insistence on *ruptura*, a complete break with the dictatorship, while the Right accepted plural democracy and abandoned pure *franquismo*. Gilmour describes the transition secured by late-night deals in Madrid restaurants as 'an extra-ordinary and almost miraculous process... Yet it was a flawed miracle, and the people's disenchantment was to some extent caused by the failures of politicians.'

But, however miraculous or flawed, the transformation of Spain began under Franco and was not intended to end in democracy. The book begins with an analysis of Francoism and the changes it brought to the country before the caudillo's death in 1975. This is a useful antidote to the simplistic descriptions of the regime as a fossilised Thirties Fascism. Anachronistic it might have been, but the sentimental attachment to the Spain of the Catholic Kings went hand in hand with an economic liberalism which constructed an urbanised, industrialised state. Franco's technocrats thought that it would be possible to modernise the economy without significant political change. Gilmour knows that they were wrong:

> The economic and social changes were so far-reaching that they undermined the political foundations of a regime whose nature had scarcely evolved since 1936. Had Franco's successors tried to perpetuate *franquismo*, they would have found the political position untenable.

It took the politicians some time to understand the profundity of these changes, and when they did their personal continuity with the old order suggested cynical and selfish motives behind their actions. Yet the book recognises their achievement as outstanding. Indeed, of all the actors in the drama, it is only Basque nationalists who emerge really unsympathetically. The militants of ETA and Herri Batasuna are treated as a greater threat to democracy than the Francoist Bunker and receive scathing comment. Although the complexities of Basque politics require more space than this book can give them, they remain central to the success of the Spanish transformation. Left-wing Basques refused to join the liberal consensus worked out in Madrid, arguing instead that too little had changed. Gilmour's book ends with the Socialist election victory in 1982, and it was true then that the judiciary, police and army remained unreformed.

Since then there have been changes. The poster on my wall looks like an historical curiosity, but I also have a picture of Basque nationalist graffiti which doesn't. Gilmour's book is an excellent account of a managed transition, but, as he suggests, the solution of such problems will take more imagination and courage than the politicians have shown so far. □

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Shorter reviews

Corydon
ANDRÉ GIDE *GMP* £9.95 & £3.95

These four Socratic dialogues on male homosexuality, sporadically written between 1907 and 1920, should be out of date. In an ideal world their elevation to the status of 'Gay Modern Classics' would signal political obsolescence. *Corydon* would be as relevant to today's gay activists as Plato's *Republic* to a union branch meeting on manning levels.

But when Corydon, one of Gide's two speakers, says 'I'm willing to bet that in twenty years it will be impossible to take words like "unnatural" and "perverted" seriously', we can see that the modern gay movement and its enemies are still engaged in the same old argument. Only Gide's patrician tone — common to most Plato-based gay writing — and some of his zoological and historical details need updating.

As well as having this regrettable continuing relevance, *Corydon* is important as a product of its literary period, and should be read in tandem with Proust. Of the two authors, Gide has the advantage of not relying on voodoo scientifics and the observation of 'symbolic' buttock movements. But why two of the most distinguished voices of European Modernism spent the period around the First War writing about homosexuality from the viewpoint of a fictitious, heterosexual 'I' is a question cultural historians have largely ignored. So Richard Howard's somewhat narcissistic introduction to this edition is disappointing. If, as he says, '*Corydon* is one of the books we must read to understand the development of the Western mind in the first quarter of the twentieth century', he has missed the perfect opportunity for a gay liberationist reassessment of the role of homosexuality in modern European culture; or in French culture; or, at the very least, in Gide's writing.

A book which, like all liberationist texts, should not have had to exist in the first place, *Corydon* returns now as a conscientious ghost to haunt us with the continuing scandal of anti-gay superstition. It is also a reminder of the serious commitment of the Gay Men's Press to a reissuing policy which, like Virago's, can have only a positive effect.

Gregory Woods

The Death and Resurrection Show
ROGAN TAYLOR *Anthony Blond* £15

Showbusiness, Rogan Taylor argues, is the religion of our times, a throwback to the initiation rites of nomadic societies where feats of conjuring, acrobatics and vocal skill were demonstrations of the shaman's healing power. Over the centuries, however, he believes, the religious origin of such rituals has been suppressed, so that today we witness the form without the substance, are moved by the gestures but can't understand their central purpose. In this intriguing, slightly dotty book he traces shamanism in showbiz from the earliest times until the rock music 'religions' of the present day.

Taylor is a persuasive writer, but he spreads his net far too wide, covering centuries and whole cultures in a paragraph. He succeeds more on individual cases; but, even then, not every great performer fits the bill. Thus the short studies of Presley and Houdini are genuine insights into the origins of their art, while similar essays on Chaplin and John Lennon demonstrate only that they had little to do with shamanism. One suspects that the writer has set out with a theory and then bludgeoned history into complying; but history will not budge. The original shamans may have been archetypal superstars, but superstars aren't necessarily archetypal shamans.

In fact, the term 'showbusiness' is so loosely defined here that Taylor seems subconsciously to be defining the roots of art itself. Yet, if these rituals have survived, hidden for all this time, then this surely means that they perform a function, act as a dark centre, even in the most sophisticated societies. Consequently he is trying to break into an inviolate sanctum. But, if you are prepared to put up with the longueurs, the topheavy writing and the guesswork, then you will find that he has important things to say. Taylor infuriates; but he also leaves you with food for thought.

David Lancaster

Founders of the Welfare State
ed. PAUL BARKER *Gower*
£14.95 & £4.95

As the welfare state is haphazardly dismantled, this short book shows the part played by some 17 individuals in its equally piecemeal construction. The essays, originally published in *New Society*, are by an impressive crop of experts who offer both redemptive reassessments and stern criticisms.

Motivation, administrative skill and legacy are all cited as qualifications for the title of 'founder', and every reader will question some of the inclusions and omissions. Octavia Hill's claim seems slight and Joseph Chamberlain's is upheld only by a very circuitous route, although Ebenezer Howard's intentions were clearly much grander than is commonly assumed. Tawney's influence on the ideological climate is discussed, but Crosland's theoretical and practical achievements are not considered.

Inevitably, these essays also compress detail and often reduce successes and failures to monocausal explanations. However, there is a good reading list to guide more curious inquirers.

The ghost at this celebration is the working class, the intended beneficiary of reform. Its members appear as passive and silent recipients, and the essays do not ask whether their absence from the design and administration of the welfare state contributed to the acknowledged distortion of the founders' intentions.

David Donnison's conclusion surveys the collective achievement and he hopes that the 'outsider' type of reformer will emerge again. But it is improbable that we shall see their like again: they were the product of their age and of its shortcomings and neuroses as much as of its enlightenment. Today, those with private means are less philanthropic and less religious, while most of the rest of us have become absorbed in some corner of state-funded activity.

For the general reader this is a useful introduction to the work of several thinkers, and it is sufficiently concise to capture the attention of students of history and the social sciences.

Graham Field

How Can We Know?
A. N. WILSON *Hamish Hamilton* £6.95

How Can We Know? begins and ends splendidly. The rest is astonishingly insipid. Unfortunately for the author, the two good bits derive not from his own meditations but from Tolstoy and St Augustine.

I write 'astonishingly' because ten years ago A. N. Wilson spent a year or so reading theology. The rigour of that discipline as taught in our universities seems to have passed him by, or been overlaid by tired sneers at others who — perhaps inadequately — are trying to give their faith some bite in the real world.

Wilson scoffs at 'the obsessions of the clergy about the Brandt report or the CND or the Festival of Light'. He laments the replacing of 'matchless old liturgies' with rites whose 'banality' he finds a source of embarrassment (without stopping to tell us precisely which old liturgies he finds matchless). He thinks that both the Church of England and the Church of Rome have developed a 'foolish passion for change'. Without naming any, he suggests that those working towards reunion are willing to discard articles of faith for which martyrs have been prepared to die in favour of matiness, and out of 'complete intellectual vacuity'. These are cheap judgments.

A. N. Wilson confesses himself 'congenitally irascible'. He adds that he is also 'professionally committed, as a journalist, to commenting upon human folly'. This is a low kind of journalism, and is clearly responsible for many aspects of this discreditable book, for Wilson sniffs folly where none is to be found.

His theological tutors must have despaired of him. He thinks them 'superstitious' to propound the perfectly reasonable belief that the oldest of the gospels is that of Mark. They would also have found the young Wilson humourless. When one professor observed that we can at least be certain that Jesus used to say 'Verily, Verily', since such a verbal mannerism was too idiosyncratic to have been worth inventing, instead of laughing at what is quite a good in-joke among theologians, the curmudgeonly Wilson merely mumbled 'ridiculous'.

James Bentley

THIS WEEK in
Making the artists toe the line
The ILEA is planning to ram all its art schools into one. Why?
Death of hope in South Africa?
The Botha government is losing hold of its would-be process of 'reform'
Why wages councils matter
If they're abolished women part-time workers will be especially hit
Plus: Angela Carter on the interpretation of fashion
NEWSociety

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FICTION

Sisters & lovers

Sheila MacLeod

RELATIONSHIPS between (or among) women seem to be flavour of the week — and a bittersweet one at best. Such relationships tend to be emotionally all-absorbing, perhaps claustrophobic and more heavily dependent on mutual support and enlightenment than on sexuality. Or are they? It all depends what you mean by sexuality.

What Joyce Carol Oates means by it in **Solstice** (Cape, £8.95) is nowhere explicit but everywhere a supersubtle presence, pervading the lives of her two central characters as naturally (and as unacknowledged) as the air they breathe. Monica Jensen is a thirtyish divorcee who abandons her city life to take up teaching in a private school in the wilds of Pennsylvania. There she meets the charismatic Sheila Trask, an artist who was once married to an older and more famous artist, but is now widowed. Monica is the clean-living, all-American Prom Queen type: pretty, popular and calmly efficient at her job. Sheila is the local eccentric, living in alternate splendour and squalor, self-dramatising, self-destructive and always unpredictable. Nevertheless the two women become friends.

Gradually Sheila's world — the world of violent imaginings and artistic passion — draws Monica out of her own more conventional world and begins to absorb her, undermining and frightening her. At first she fights back, determined as she is to preserve some sense of her own identity and to exert some control over her own life. She will play Sheila's make-believe games, dressing up and visiting sleazy bars with her, but she will also organise Sheila's financial affairs and protect her from the sharks of the art world. But in the end both identity and control are rendered irrelevant by the fact (which she resists for most of the novel) of Monica's falling in love with Sheila. And falling is the operative word: it seems both permanent and disastrous. But by this time it is also the only possible mode of being.

All this is consummately well done, the relationship between the two women so vivid and obsessive that anyone or anything outside it appears pale by comparison — and yet discordant, obtrusive at the same time. The concept, let alone the word, homosexuality is never mentioned, never considered. On the contrary, it is the rest of the world which appears deviant — and all the drearier for it. *Solstice* stakes a claim not only for the centrality but for the wholeness of women's experience, for women as artists capable of creating a necessarily alternative world based in the truth of passion — of whatever sort. It is an extraordinarily powerful and accomplished novel.

Gail Godwin's **The Finishing School** (Heinemann, £9.95) describes another intense and exclusive relationship between two women, one of whom is essentially charismatic. Ursula De Vane too is something of a self-dramatiser but she is no artist. That role is left to her brother Julian, a hyper-sensitive musician whose career she is determined to rehabilitate. This is a dream, and Ursula lives in a world of dreams and romantic notions about Art and culture and 'special people'. The narrator, 14-year-old Justin Stokes, is ripe for Ursula: a mentor and role model who treats her with all due seriousness as a friend. Justin becomes infatuated, while Ursula's motherliness reveals more and more of a desire for power over the girl.

Justin's dawning recognition and resentment of Ursula's power over her are conveyed in a series of long, almost dreamy flashbacks in which she, now the same age as Ursula was then, attempts to understand the nature of their brief relationship. It was an act of betrayal on Justin's part which brought it to an end, an act which acknowledged both her love for Ursula and the need to outgrow and be free of her influence. *The Finishing School* has much to say about the construction and the continuity of the self. It is a subtly suggestive novel whose nuances are enhanced rather than destroyed by its narrative mode of mature recollection.

As befits its country of origin, **The Ship of Widows** by I. Grekova (Virago, £9.95 & £3.95) is as much about collective as one-to-one relationships. This is something of a curiosity, a Soviet novel first published in *Novy Mir* in 1981, although set in 1943 and apparently concerned only with the past. Five women, previously unknown to one another, share a Moscow apartment, their lives dominated by poverty and petty squabbles. One of them gives birth to an illegitimate son, Vadim, who soon begins to alter all their relationships. Unsparing of quotidian detail, the novel is nevertheless a tale of quiet heroism which manages to achieve, in the person of Vadim's mother, a portrait of essentially feminine goodness.

With Anna Livia's **Accommodation Offered** (The Women's Press, £7.95 & £3.95) we return to one-to-one, and this time overtly sexual, relationships between women. When Polly's lover leaves her, she advertises for two lesbians to share her large Stockwell house. Kim, a conductor on the 73 bus, and Sadie, a misfit freaked out by her African childhood, move into the two spare rooms. There is much talk about what it means to be lesbian, and it is clear that the world of men exists only in retrospect or as a vaguely threatening outside presence. This is a scathingly observant novel, full of sparkling dialogue and pithy comments on contemporary London. But it is almost wrecked by the introduction of a tiresome supernatural apparatus in the form of a clutch of Liberty Boddesses who intervene, Homeric-fashion, in the action. Embarrassingly unfunny. □

Among this week's contributors:

IAN S. WOOD teaches history at Napier College, Edinburgh, and for the Open University; he also edits the Journal of the Scottish Labour History Society.

SHEILA MACLEOD's *D.H. Lawrence* will be published by Heinemann later this year.

CHRISTOPHER PRIEST's most recent novel was *The Glamour* (Cape, 1984).

FILMS

Merry-go-round

John Coleman

Favourites of the Moon (15)
Chelsea Cinema; Camden Plaza
Not Quite Jerusalem (15)
Odeon, Leicester Square
Baby . . . Secret of the Lost Legend (PG)
Odeon, Marble Arch
Terror in the Aisles (18)
Classic, Oxford Street

ON THE CINEMATIC evidence available, Georgians are not to be confused with Russians: their films carry a wilful, lawless, often poetic charge lacking in current Soviet product, flashes of lyrical-ironic humour denied to even such a maverick as Tarkovsky. Otar Yosseliani (or Iosseliani) is very much a case in point. His wonderfully entertaining **Favourites of the Moon** (*Les Favoris de la lune*) — actually his fourth feature — was made during a recent two-year stay in Paris and admirers have rightly invoked Clair, Tati, even Buñuel in praising it. Yet it remains intractably his own thing, a rich, at first bewildering pass-the-parcel of a movie, with unusually little dependence on dialogue (Gérard Brach co-scripted) and a cast of non-professionals. Yosseliani would append that master of anarchy Jean Vigo to his spiritual mentors: one can see why. His most sympathetic characters are a randy burglar, Colas, with attendant son, a bunch of whores of whom Agnès figures largest, and an aging schoolteacher-bomber aided by a pair of drunken *clochards*. The piece should really have been named 'Minions of the Moon', since the title is drawn from a Falstaff quote, beginning 'Let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty . . .', a passage that is early printed on the screen, clearly with approval.

Artworks form part of the hand-to-hand parcel: so do bodies in illicit amorous conjunction (*La Ronde* fleetingly comes to mind). A black-and-white period-prologue has a dog breaking a Sèvres plate, a potter's wheel, a new plate being fashioned and hand-painted; then a bearded artist — the same 'actor' will play Colas — and his nude model at work, later (as she slips with lit candle into his bedroom) at play. The themes are set. In the colourful Paris of the present, the fur-coated blonde wife of a crooked arms dealer walks her dog, allows herself to be picked up in a café by the burglar for a hotel bedding: previously, she has bid for some Sèvres porcelain at an auction where that old nude painting has also been sold. The burglar is soon to lift this canvas in a raid on a venal, cuckolded top cop's apartment; subsequently purchased by a girl pop-singer and stolen again by Colas and son, this portrait grows smaller and smaller throughout the ensuing *enchaînements*, cut emblematically down to size in an age of greedy, unthinking 'collecting', of possessing for status rather than love. But the message is implicit in an occasion

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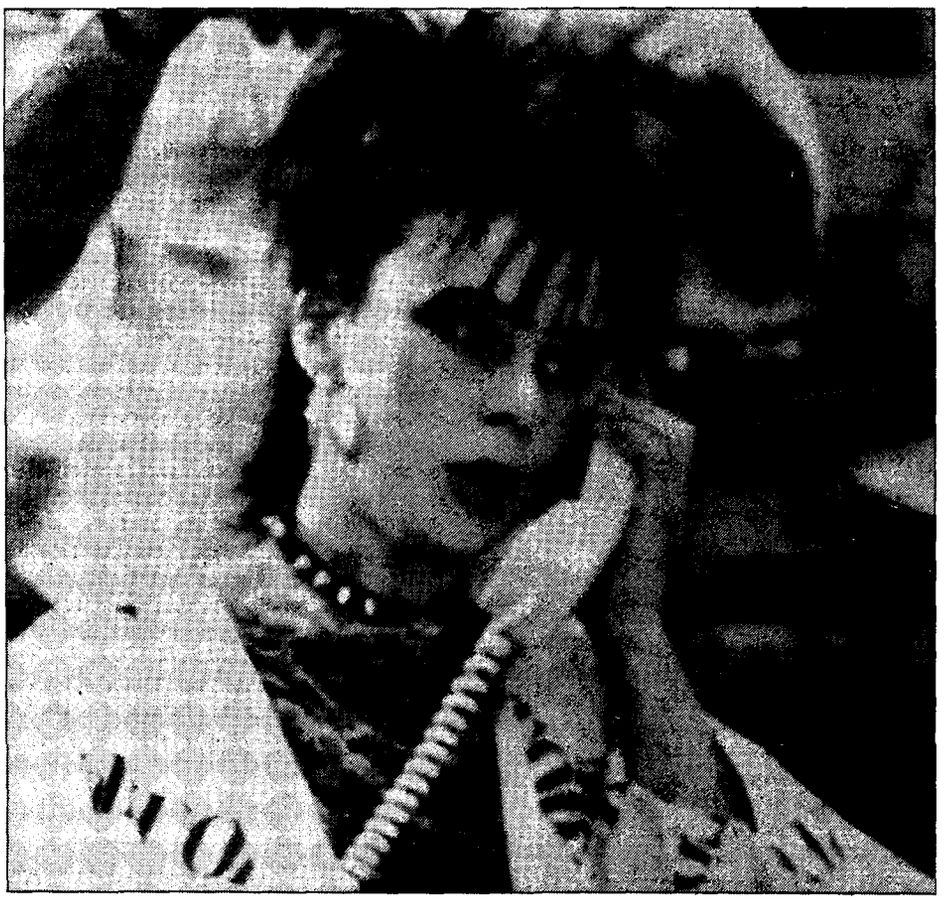
edited like a mosaic, with one character — as it were — brushing another in the street, and interest transferred to the other, until a further encounter moves the focus elsewhere.

Love everywhere gets short shrift, in favour of lust, quick liaisons. There's surely a buried pun in the fickle women walking their dogs; dogs abound; and, of that first blonde pick-up and of an ironic late copy of this, where a pretty manicurist — elevated to a fur coat and a pooch of her own — wanders in turn to an afternoon bed with smooth Colas, it cries to be murmured, *'elle a du chien'*. The nearest to a lover in sight is poor, balding Gustave, a genius at making explosive devices, and the other link-man: his affair with the manicurist blows up in his face, too. And *she* proves to be the daughter of the anarchic old teacher to whom Gustave has supplied a little rocket, which shatters a comical military statue down to its clumping plaster boots. Some initial perseverance may be needed if Yosseliani's coolly and wickedly humorous escapade is to take its proper toll. I only wish I could convey its confident, racy elegance as the fizzing little near-plots coalesce, separate, ramify through literally dozens of marvellously surreal yet persuasive sight gags, not least the running one of black refuse collectors bemusedly finding windfalls in dustbins. This contemporary Paris joins hands with an older one, beloved in screen memory.

Lewis Gilbert's **Not Quite Jerusalem** is not quite anything, in the unhappy event, being a re-working by Paul Kember of his 1979 Royal Court stage play about a motley band of volunteer lads and lasses descending on an Israeli kibbutz. A murderous subplot involving Arab terrorists has been introduced, wrecking what must always have been dubiously stereotypic fun and romance. Joanna Pacula and Sam Robards are excellent but unavailing against swelling music as the lovers. Contemplating some fat Swedish girls, Kevin McNally as Comic Cockney Hero is asked to enunciate, 'The world's rejects and we're supposed to screw 'em, that's what gets me'. Hackles may be lowered for the Disney **Baby . . . Secret of the Lost Legend,** together with eyelids. This soporific enterprise finds Patrick McGoohan as a baddie palaeontologist, with mincing sidekick Julian Fellowes, up against young marrieds Sean Young as Susan, lovely zoologist, and all-American William Katt as sports journalist hubby George in an African jungly wrangle over some dinosaurs. Papa Brontosaurus dies, but Mum survives, as does Baby, to exhibit the one tear-brimmed eye in the house. 'Facial expressions, 15 in all, were manipulated from the outside by cable control.'



Parisian pop-singer as temporary pass-the-painting player

And that's only the reptiles. **Terror in the Aisles** is a witless compilation of bits hacked from some 60 horror movies: Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen, pretend-members of an audience, mouth tritely. Torpor in the stalls. □

NEW STATESMAN INDEX

The index to Vol. 107 (January-June 1984) is now available, price £2.00 (incl p&p) from: **New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.**

THEATRE

Hyperactive

Benedict Nightingale

The Possessed
DOSTOIEVSKY adapted by YURI LYUBIMOV
Almeida
Happy Jack
JOHN GODBER *King's Head*

DOSTOIEVSKY'S metaphysical anguishings have never appealed very strongly to the taste-setters in contemporary Russia, and **The Possessed**, whose deviations also include some pretty ferocious criticism of revolution and revolutionaries, has proved particularly unpopular. I'm not sure whether or not the actor whom Yuri Lyubimov originally chose to play the sly and opportunistic zealot Peter Verkhovensky had the beard and some of the mannerisms of V.I. Lenin, as Michael Feast does at the Almeida, but the provocation to the censors was probably sufficient already. At any rate, it was while the eminent director was rehearsing his adaptation of the novel at the Taganka that his long-festering row with the Soviet authorities came to its head, with the eventual results that all the theatrical world now knows.

The Possessed is the second time the exiled Lyubimov has led a British cast on an assault on the wild and craggy slopes of Dostoievsky; but sadly he has not got as near to the summit as most critics felt he did with his *Crime and Punishment* last year. The performers don't always seem to suit the style, and the style doesn't always seem to suit the text, and the text — well, how *do* you reduce the 700 pages of one of the most unruly novels ever written into a comprehensible three-and-a-half-hour play?

It can't be done, or at least hasn't been done here. I myself, who am considerably less familiar with the original than I would wish, found myself flailing and floundering as I struggled to establish who was who, what was what and why was why. True, there are aids to understanding, several of them of the most literal kind. Stickers are slapped on to some characters' anatomies as they are identified, and Verkhovensky's father comes with a placard actually dangling from his neck, which proclaims his name for all to see. But his melancholy political history, his precise place among the local freethinkers, his rather forlorn relationship with the town's social arbiter, Madame Stavrogin — such intricacies get little chance to make themselves felt, given the pressure of the clock, not to mention the exotic and exorbitant clatter of the staging.

Exorbitant? Lyubimov would argue that no production of *The Possessed* could be that, just as no painting of Everest could be too tall. In the programme he describes the novel as 'a wild farandole, a tragic farce, a vortex' and declares that Dostoievsky's 'hallucinatory tension' can never be felt unless the pressure on the audience is increased 'even to breaking point'. Hence the cavortings and the clownishness, the sense we

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persistently get of watching some nightmarish ballet. Hence the strenuousness of the visual invention. Hence, more particularly, the torchlit faces that intermittently bulge, gape and smirk from the vast strips of black elastic that form the set, giving the somewhat incongruous impression that the action is occurring inside a corset belonging to a very stout giant; hence, too, the characters' habit of getting tangled and trapped in that set, as they get less picturesquely tangled and trapped in their lives.

At his best Lyubimov manages to find theatrical counterparts for Dostoievsky's feverish vision and sometimes delirious prose, or at least for the way he himself *feels* about that vision and that prose; but then he's not always at his best. His imaginative efforts too often seem cursory, decorative, pointless when not actually distracting. Why is character A mimicking a horse? Because he's talking of riding. Why does character B flash a picture postcard? Because a trip to the Swiss mountains is being mooted. Why does X suddenly start doing press-ups in mid-conversation and Y tinkle away at a tiny triangle? No good reason. You get the impression that a performer who isn't doing something, *anything*, in busy counterpoint to his lines feels he's letting down the side.

Part of the problem may be that the performers are all British, many of them of good RSC, Royal Court and National Theatre parentage, and therefore happier with verbal complexity than with the physical sort demanded of them here. You can't transform one set of national habits and acting traditions into another in a few weeks of rehearsal, still less expect actually to produce the kind of action-packed company that Lyubimov's painstaking magic managed slowly to create back in Russia. Feast's Verkhovensky shimmies and skips, capers and twirls around Madam Stavrogin's salon, in what's undeniably a bravura display of parody shallowness; yet, rightly or wrongly, one feels that his Moscow counterpart would have done it more instinctively, with a less conscious and deliberate audacity. And what a pity that Harriet Walter, who could have brought tenderness and warmth to the part of the half-witted cripple Maria, has been asked to perform it in so relentlessly burlesque a style. If you knew Dostoievsky only from Lyubimov and his cast, you'd conclude he had neither wit nor subtlety nor any delicate colours at all on his novelist's palette. And that's just not so.

But it's for the size and intensity of his intellect, and the passion of his human portraiture, that we mainly value Dostoievsky; and it would be unjust to suggest that the production is so crude or so frivolous that it forgets that. On the contrary, Lyubimov draws us more and more strongly into the essentials of the story until its threads are, so to speak, wound tight around us: the destruction of Shatov, the wavering revolutionary in charge of the cell's printing press, at the hands of the guileful Verkhovensky; the self-destruction of Madam Stavrogin's son, Nicholas, who represents evil in search of atonement, nihilism in search of belief, and is, in short, one of those Dostoievskyan characters whose insides heaven and hell seem whimsically to have chosen as the ring for a private punch-up.

Nigel Terry plays him as a sauntering roué whose dandified clothes conceal icy self-contempt and a profound melancholy; and James Aubrey is pretty good as Shatov, too. Indeed, perhaps the evening's strongest scene brings the two of them together without fuss, ado or gaudy posturing, and allows them plainly to debate the meaning of the universe or, which is much the same thing, the meaning of Russia. This is cranky, even potty stuff, involving as it does the raising of the nation to godhead through suffering and Christian obedience; but it has the power and the resonance to echo through this production, as it does through the novel. You can't miss Dostoievsky's bug-eyed concern for his native country. For all the clutter and confusion, you can't miss Lyubimov's either. Perhaps that's why they had to send him packing.

After this, anything much short of the Second Coming would probably be a bit of an anti-climax; but then anti-climax can be a relief, as anyone can discover by walking a hundred yards or so down the road from the Almeida. **Happy Jack**, which has just arrived at the King's Head, hasn't the imaginative ebullience of *Up 'n' Under* and *Bouncers*, the other two celebrations of working-class life John Godber pieced together for the Hull Truck Company. On the contrary, its tale of a mining-community marriage would make the Pooter household seem sensationally eventful. 'Can you remember when we went paddling at Blackpool?' characteristically goes the conversation. 'Ay, we had happy hours paddling.' Still, the way Godber writes and Andrew Livingstone and Jane Clifford play it, it's more than it might seem: a quiet tribute to a match which had its troubles, and more than its quota of longueurs, but went deep, pretty deep. □

MUSIC

Venture

Andrew Clements

Mahler, Vienna & the 20th Century
Barbican

ALONGSIDE the unashamed box-office fodder, the endless parade of Beethoven 5s and Tchaikovsky nights which makes up just too much of its regular monthly programme, the Barbican, together with the London Symphony Orchestra, have put together over the last few years easily the most imaginative and worthwhile orchestral concert series in London. First Berlioz and Tippett, then the Webern Festival; now, with the BBC's week of Stockhausen there still a fresh memory, comes the most ambitious undertaking of all. **Mahler, Vienna & the 20th Century** is a festival of more than 20 concerts with associated exhibitions and lectures split between spring and autumn this year. There are 15 concerts between now and June; the rest will follow in September and October, sponsorship permitting. The package sets out not just to fix Mahler in the context of his time and place, but also to demonstrate his relevance to music through to the present day.

The whole enterprise contains much that is fresh and imaginative. Apart from all the Mahler symphonies and songcycles there are almost the complete works of Alban Berg, celebrating his centenary this year as no one else in London seems interested in doing, as well as showing that his debt to Mahler was at least as significant as his natural allegiance to Schoenberg; there is also a fairly comprehensive survey of the tradition in 20th-century music which stems most directly from Mahler and his immediate heirs. Some of the details might be a little fuzzy and the relevance of one or two composers hard to place, but the general thrust is sound enough. Holes can be picked here and there: Ligeti is surely over-represented, Britten and Shostakovich under-emphasised; Maxwell Davies would have been a better choice than Birtwistle, Henze than Debussy. But how often do the London orchestras come up with anything that generates any interest in contemporary music at all, let alone mount it on such a massive scale?

The inspiration has come from Claudio Abbado and he is the dominant figure in the music-making, though the London Symphony shares the burden with the London Sinfonietta and, later, the Concertgebouw under Leonard Bernstein. Whether the LSO was a genuinely willing partner or whether Abbado's enthusiasm simply carried his players along I do not know, but the evidence of their playing in the opening concerts suggests that not everyone is rising to the occasion. The LSO is the most infuriatingly uneven of all the London bands, capable of performing like a world-class orchestra one day and like a scratch group the next. So far it has tended towards the lower end of the range, with Abbado's sensitive handling of Berg particularly set off balance by lumpish and sometimes simply incompetent orchestral playing. Alongside the most delicately refined textures one has been confronted with passages that are painfully out-of-tune, wind solos that seem to peter out for no reason and incredible lapses in ensemble. When the orchestra finds its best form then performance will begin to match the enterprise and energy behind it all.

By contrast the London Sinfonietta in the first of its appearances conducted by Diego Masson was its usual alert, virtuoso self, with a programme that included the first British performance of a new work by Brian Ferneyhough and a repeat of a song cycle by Kurtag which it introduced to London only last month. Ferneyhough's *Carceri d'Invenzione II* is the latest instalment of what will eventually be an evening-long sequence of pieces for various chamber and solo groupings all under the general title of *Carceri d'Invenzione*. The Sinfonietta commissioned and premiered *Carceri I* three years ago; the new work, though, comes rather later in the plan and is in all but name a small-scale flute concerto, juxtaposing a ferociously difficult solo part with independent yet equally ornate contributions from a quite sizeable chamber orchestra.

Ferneyhough's recent music, or rather that of it which I have heard, suggests that he has passed the crisis of complexity which

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threatened to submerge his undoubted gifts under a torrent of detail and fastidious instructions to his performers. *Carceri II* is both shapely and lucidly scored, with instrumental details allowed to make their own expressive points; there is no sense of redundancy either in the technical demands it makes or in the multi-layerings of the scoring.

It works, in short, most effectively as an abstract concert work, whatever the dense philosophical exegesis which surrounds the whole family of pieces.

Kurtag, by contrast, seems to work more and more on the most economical and aphoristic scale. I have been promising myself to devote a whole NS column to his music for several years now, as his reputation in Britain has continued to build. In the interim, though, a brief report on *Scenes from a Novel*, settings of 15 tiny poems by the Russian Rimma Dalos for soprano, violin, double bass and cimbalom, must underline the total individuality of Kurtag's musical language and his ability to draw the most potent images with the minimum of resources. From his chosen models he has selected precisely what he needs, however eclectic the final result may seem: folk-inflected Bartok may be juxtaposed with Schoenbergian expressionism, Boulezian melismas placed against neoclassical figuration. *Scenes from a Novel* does not strike me as being quite as perfect as his larger-scale Dalos cycle, *Messages of the Late Miss R V Troussova*, which is one of the greatest works written in Europe in the last ten years, but it presents Kurtag's genius on the most intimate scale and underlines yet again his acute sensitivity to texts. He also has the benefit of a quite exceptional soprano soloist; Adrienne Csengery is a thrilling performer on a level rarely seen nowadays, especially in contemporary music. □

DANCE

Double take

Stephanie Jordan

Ballet Rambert
Sadler's Wells

HAD I BEEN obliged to compile a review of Richard Alston's **Mythologies** on one viewing, I would probably have made disagreeable noises, as did so many others, about abstruseness, short-windedness and the oddity of the narrative choice. But past experience of Alston persuaded me to pay another visit. Now, I find it hard to recall what the problem was at the première.

Alston certainly doesn't make it easy for himself or for us: the piece begins with a long silence; the ensuing narrative is swift and complex, based on Claude Lévi-Strauss' structural retelling of a British Columbian Indian myth. The bird-god Hatsenas rescues a widow from famine; they have a child Asdiwal, to whom Hatsenas gives protective magic objects. The objects assist Asdiwal through death and jealous rivalry, though eventually, having carelessly forgotten them in his travels, he freezes to death in the snow. This is compressed into the timespan of Nigel Osborne's brief chamber work of the same name. The ending is in near darkness, except for the hunched figure of Asdiwal (Mark Baldwin), the dancers slowly rolling towards him like the onset of a glacier.

Stylisation lies at the heart of this piece. It is decked out in totem-pole costumes by Candida Cook and there is a skeletal set (and fine, dramatic lighting) by Peter Mumford. Alston seems to be saying that, taking as our start non-European art, unable as we are to divine its purpose or, where applicable, its narrative, we are informed of the conventions of our own art forms. In this narrative, a thing does not resemble the intended object, be it she-bear or bird-god, this theatrical disparity between image and reality being the route to narrative that an abstract, often austere thinker like Alston would most naturally take. The dramatic involvement of the audience is confined to the appreciation of abstract properties like movement motifs. The title is the final clue, a comment on the nature and construction of myth reminiscent of the Stravinsky/Nijinska *Les Noces*, another depersonalised plural and comment on ritualised ethnic art. Thus *Mythologies* makes sense as a two-dimensional narrative via the

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universal phenomenon of myth. The work is uneven, there is ensemble padding and an uneasy balance in the construction, but, if it seems rather withdrawn for the public medium of the large theatre, it certainly rewards further viewings and is not quite as far-removed from Alston's output as those initially disappointed might think.

Osborne was represented again in Alston's **Wildlife**. His starting point here, and Alston's, was the interlocking kite-like constructions of Richard Smith, lit as if glowing with their own energy, changing colour and shape in an impressive array of scenes. From their forms and the related backdrop not only the costume designs are derived but also the shapes in the dance. Yet it is not that the choreography is an attempt to realise body forms from the set, but that the diagonals and angles of the kites encourage you to notice the dancers' crooked elbows and knees.

The dancers give a sense of the tautness and angularity of creatures glimpsed in a woodland. At first, two of them dart behind the thicket of kites but, later, the scene opens up, the stage becoming a clearing for all six. The score even obliges with a variegated horn solo, imitative of the chase. A slow *pas de deux* and trio (ebulliently interrupted by Catherine Becque) lead into a fast conclusion. The ending seems sudden. Though Osborne applies sound amplification to enormous effect, the choreographic wrap-up is terse, as if the dance needs a few more yards of resolution. But the impression is of an exciting work, full of nervous energy, suggesting hidden tensions.

My first sight of Dan Wagoner's **An Occasion for Some Revolutionary Gestures** was through a fog of 'flu. A second attempt was prevented by a traffic jam on the Euston Road. Yet it was clear that Wagoner starts out with a weakness: entrusting his music to Michael Sahl, who provided a trite set of piano variations on *Yankee Doodle* (not *Yankee Doodle Dandy* as everyone keeps saying). Derivative, square and silly, the music handicaps Wagoner and his resultant work is faceless. Line-ups and hearty leg-slaps just aren't the Rambert style and the dreary beige designs don't help. But then, I wasn't well.

In **Sergeant Early's Dream**, we are on familiar Christopher Bruce territory: simple people agonising in a hostile world. He has chosen British, Irish and American folk music to illustrate the theme of migration from Old World to New, the grief of departure, loss of roots, the irrepressible folk culture, the roistering and the courting. It is all sentimental tosh, a mere string of numbers without a focal point but effective in an unambitious way. The company execute it with finesse and wit.

How splendid, too, they look in Robert North's **Entre dos Aguas**, back again. This tawdry pastiche of sultry flamenco and demotic jazz ought not to have been allowed in a serious programme, but you cannot completely suppress enjoyment with all those swirling skirts and roaring guitars. The quality of the dancers compensates for such indifferent work. There are four strong, new male dancers, of a taller, bigger breed, so that North no longer towers over the rest of them. Especially fine this season has been the dancing of Mark Baldwin, Catherine Becque and Mary Evelyn. □

Cliff Harper

Safety fast

Christopher Priest

THREE WEEKS after my first passenger flight, the aircraft I had been on crashed into the sea, killing all those aboard. It was a single-engined biplane, operating joy rides from Southport beach. When I had been in it I was more aware of the ride than the joy, the passenger compartment being enclosed inside the fuselage, with uncomfortable bucket seats and a restricted view through a window in the side.

As it happens, the *second* aircraft I ever flew in — a Bristol 170 car ferry, operating out of Southend — also crashed into the sea a year or so afterwards. I never found out whether it was actually the same plane or another belonging to the same company, but I had a repetition of the uncomfortable feeling that it was all a bit too close to home.

At the beginning of the 1970s I entered the jet age along with the rest of the western world, and since then have flown regularly if not often. (As far as I know, none of the aircraft I have been in recently has subsequently crashed.) My first major flight outside Europe was a round trip to Australia in 1977, since when I have felt that I am a seasoned air passenger.

Why, then, do I continue to suffer pre-flight nerves?

I am not actually frightened of flying, although I confess I was scared the first time I travelled in a jet. Nor am I nervous of the overall experience: I've found, for instance, that on a long flight nervousness recedes as boredom advances. There have been several flights I positively enjoyed, and was sorry when they finished. On a journey with several landings the feeling grows that the plane's natural habitat is the air, that flight is resumed rather than started.

Yet for about 24 hours before an air journey I feel tense and restless and I am constantly aware of the prospect of flying. I think vaguely about making a will, I tidy my desk, I catch up with correspondence and make other minor concessions to ultimate mortality. When a flight is over I feel relieved to be back on the ground, and enjoy life anew. (I also have an exhilarating awareness of the sky, which fades only slowly.)

From talking to friends, and by observing fellow passengers, I know I am not alone. Fear of flying, or nervousness about it, is a common complaint. . . Air Canada did a survey that showed up to 27 per cent of all passengers were scared. The airline industry, which taken as a whole must now be one of the largest in the world, makes its profits out of people it routinely frightens.

Aviophobia is the word that is sometimes used to describe the feeling, and in general it *is* thought of as a phobia, or irrational fear. Phobic feelings obviously come into it: fear of heights, fear of confined spaces, fear of falling, and so on. But after several dozen flights, many bumpy landings, hour after hour of being bounced around in stratospheric turbulence, and feeling

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my own irrational fears subside into bored nervousness, I have come to the conclusion that fear of flying is not irrational at all.

I believe the contrary is true, but rational fear is made worse by a lack of understanding.

People do not wish to die, reasonably enough. They worry about mid-air collisions, they do not like to be hi-jacked, they have heard about metal fatigue, they are alarmed about pilot error, they do not wish to be on a plane when an engine catches fire, a flap falls off or a tyre bursts on landing.

Whether or not these are likely events is irrelevant: all of them have caused major disasters in the past. Add to this a widespread public ignorance of what a plane is actually doing — all those unexplained shudders, the sudden grinding noises beneath the compartment, the unexpected movements in the air — and you have a collection of worries which the airlines treat as irrational.

There is an open conspiracy of silence about air safety. The airlines rarely mention it in public (and never in their advertising), and when it does come up it is couched in evasions or euphemisms. Its most common manifestation is in the bland, sing-song voices you hear over the PA.

I was on a 747 once, landing in a crosswind, and as I looked out of the window I saw the wing dip suddenly to within inches of the ground. A few moments later a cheery voice from the cockpit explained that the wind had been stronger than expected and that we might be 'interested' to know this. On another flight, a fast approach and a heavy landing made the stewardess sitting opposite me go white-knuckled with fright. . . but her plastic smile continued to beam inanely around the cabin. (That plane ground to a halt only a few feet from the perimeter fence.)

When you consider what the airlines routinely achieve — the hundreds of thousands of miles flown daily, the millions of passengers who do not die or get hurt, the complexity and sophistication of the machines that are used — the record is nothing to be ashamed of.

If a passenger suffers from a phobia, not much less than treatment by a clinical psychologist will deal with it. Flying undoubtedly feeds irrational fears, but so too do crowded rooms, tall buildings, hairy spiders, and so on.

Aircraft, though, induce additional fears in their passengers. While the paying public is patronised by reassuring babble from the cockpit, a cabin crew who pretend not to notice and management policy that attributes nervousness to human foibles, a substantial minority of passengers will go on being needlessly frightened. The point is that aviophobia is essentially treatable, if not curable. The remedy is available to worried passengers themselves, by taking the trouble to learn the realities of commercial aircraft. . . but the airlines could and should do much more to acknowledge the problem.

I've never forgotten the pilot of my joy ride — who was soon to die — grinning at me from under his leather helmet, cheerfully slamming the fuselage door. He saw nothing unsafe in his terrible old stringbag. I, peering at the sky through the grimy window, just as I still have to on a 747, knew no better. □

Naseem Khan
Good moves

WHAT WOULD Kipling have made of the most recent version of his *Jungle Book*, I wonder. Would he have appreciated the irony of the re-possession order by which his tales of India have been taken over and retold by Indians? The Academy of Indian Dance's first dance-drama, *The Adventures of Mowgli*, takes over Kipling's tale of fortitude and the pre-eminence of natural law, fillets out the Empire ethic and serves it back up as a very different dish. It may not be the Elgin Marbles, but it is, in its own way, a pleasing reversal.

It is from the beginning not Kipling-land. Dawn breaks. The taped music flows over the set, empty except for a large cut-out of a mango tree, descriptive music, easy on the ear: tabla and pakhwaj (North and South Indian drums), western violins, sitar of the north and veena of the south. On come a pair of parrots, then monkeys, deer, peacocks. It's pretty and delicate: an ornamental park more than a jungle, where it's not at all surprising to find the young Mowgli and his mother taking the air. But, of course, all is not sunny. There's a tiger in the jungle (danced with wonderfully furry ferocity by Pratap Pawar) who gobbles up Mowgli's mother. No matter, the lad is soon befriended by wolves, a bear and a panther, and evades the jaws of the angry tiger Sher Khan. He grows up, falls for a village girl Sita (Priya Pawar), and rescues her from the jaws of the tiger whom he kills. But which life will he chose: animals or woman? He plumps, of course, for love.

It is, as you can see, rather more romantic than Kipling. Charming and unpretentious, it has the sense to know its own limitations (unlike some other dance-dramas that have unwisely gone for great epic sweep), as well as the limitations of the audience it clearly hopes to get. There's very little formal mime. The emotions are there — the nine *rasas* of Indian dance — with the fury of the tiger *(rudra)*, for instance, love *(sringara)*, pity *(karuna)*. But they are broad expressive states that bound easily over the language and culture gap.

What distinguishes *Adventures of Mowgli* above all is its accessibility. Indian dance, for all the progress it has made over here, has a problem. Properly regarded, it is a demanding dance form. You need to know the *mudras* (mime gestures) and the significance of the stories to which they refer if you are really going to do justice to a performance. Because of this, Indian dance has been inevitably described over here in terms of the exotic: sumptuous costumes, sculptural movements, glittering jewellery. Not too much has changed since the pioneer Ram Gopal brought Indian dance to Western theatres in 1939. 'Lithe, brown, graceful, weaving delicate arabesques or assuming hieratic poses pregnant with hidden symbolism,' breathed the *News Chronicle*. How to surmount this obstacle? One obvious answer is the dance-drama. Introduce a strong story line and illustrate it with the techniques of Indian classical dance and maybe the English will be able to appreciate it as a gorgeous pantomime. Simple as it sounds, it is far from easy stitching together what is essentially a solo art form.

Adventures of Mowgli, choreographed and directed by the eminent dancer V.P. Dhananjayan, does, in terms of the evolving dance-drama, many bold things. Firstly it eschews grand mythological, religious and historical themes. (Even his cast, at the beginning, were dubious about this.) Secondly, like Vijay Raghav Rao's flexible score, it combines a number of different elements — four of India's classical dance styles (all with their distinctive character) plus a folk admixture. So here you will find the crisp Bharat Natyam from the south, delicate Kathak with its Moghul connections from the north, melting Odissi and the martial, sturdy Kathakali. Mixing the styles isn't, in actual fact, particularly revolutionary now. What is more unusual is the type of approach Dhananjayan demands from his ten dancers (all professional and from both India and Britain).

Indian classical dance is essentially a story-telling form. The solo dancer faces the audience and demands its attention. Through *mudras* and passages of complex pure dance, she (or he) describes an event in Hindu mythology, becoming, in turn, all the things or people described: the young god Krishna, for instance, turns into his scolding mother, his playmates, a regal cobra; lover and beloved alternate in a complex drama of love and longing that merges into a transcendental theme. The dancer slips from one to the other, like fish through water. *The Adventures of Mowgli*, however, demands different, less traditional skills: skills that will, in fact, be more familiar to the Western actor. Pushkala Gopal as Baloo the bear, Shobana Jayasinghe as Bagheera the panther or Shanta Dhananjayan as Mother Wolf are not these dancers representing animals through time-honoured *mudras*: they are bear, panther, wolf. Even when not dancing they are still in character and their movements adapt Bharat Natyam postures and steps to denote animal character. (In fact Dhananjayan had to invent a *mudra* to signify wolf since the animal doesn't feature in classical dance.) In the same way, Pratap Pawar (who choreographed the Kathak input) gives his Sher Khan the stronger aspects of Kathak and changes its basic stance to provide, for instance, clawy-looking tiger paws.

Because *Adventures of Mowgli* is an unassuming work it would be easy to under-estimate it. Perfect it is not. The group had a mere 20 days' rehearsal and the piece needs a more defined spine: at present it is too lightweight. But the creative move it represents and the implications that this might have for new non-Asian audiences are something to consider. In the Sixties when I was part of an Indian dance troupe (and danced in two dance-dramas put together by our teachers U.S. Krishna Rao and U.K. Chandrabagha Devi) most of our invitations came from the Indian community. Since then, things have changed. *Mowgli* could see them change still further. □

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TELEVISION

Hugo Williams

Evidence

OFFICIALLY, all languages and cultures are permitted and welcomed in the Soviet Union. Intourists are proudly shown round models of the many minority communities which make up this last and most corrupt of the old Victorian empires. The Jews are one of the largest of these minorities and yet their culture is ruthlessly suppressed and exit visas are routinely refused them.

Panorama (BBC-1) used amateur video equipment to film some heartbreaking interviews with these 'refusniks'. We saw their desperate, pleading faces being elbowed aside by KGB heavies in Red Square as they tried to get their message through to their relatives and us. They got it through all right. One man showed the medals he had won in the last war. As a war hero he had not been sacked from his job for applying to leave the country, merely demoted. An economics professor was happy to have a job as a car park attendant. Teachers who cannot officially be charged with teaching a foreign language (Hebrew) are gaoled for hooliganism, possession of drugs or ammunition and resisting the police: all pathetically unlikely in men who want nothing more than to study at home with their families.

Most eloquent of those who are allowed neither to leave nor lead their true lives was Prof. Alexander Lerner. 'How to explain in English?' he asked. Then, summoning his resources, he brought out the big words that will always be there for those who need them:

> I regard these years as the happiest in my life because since this application I have become a member of the Jewish nation, a citizen of the State of Israel, so I fulfil my duties, so now I am quite more honest than before. I am not a prisoner. I am a refugee, yes, but not a slave, because a person cannot be a slave if he doesn't agree to be.

His hopes rest with his grandson, now 13, but if this young man has to do his national service in five years time the authorities will never let him leave because they will say he has state secrets. How desperate a family has to be if they must tell their son to go to prison in order to escape his country one day. The problem for their relatives in the West is that they fear they are endangering their lives by negotiating on their behalf. What's more, with even wider implications, they fear that by publicising the problem they are raising the bargaining power of the Jewish concession in East-West negotiations over human rights.

The story of photographer Margaret Watkins, **In Darkness Visible** (BBC-2), had overtones of the life of Emily Dickinson. What happened to this renowned New York personality to make her return to her family's old house in Glasgow in the 'Twenties and draw the curtains, literally, on her successful past? For the next 40 years she lived as a recluse, attended only by a sullen male companion 'whose only fault is that he doesn't like people'.

It so happened that writer Joseph Mulholland, as if at a word from her muse, came to live opposite her and, being American, slowly winkled her from her shell for a last tea party or two. The film dramatised this respectful encounter and also the startling posthumous discovery of Watkins's photographic legacy, which it fell to Mulholland to save from the Glasgow cleaning department. It took 16 years for him to uncover the bones of her story and bring her pictures back to New York. Why had she left? The only clues she left were a note 'To my dearest Margaret' and a diary entry, 'Taking Bemax to keep up my spirits. Miss the artistic crowd desperately.' Even less to go on than in the shuttered life of the divine Emily.

A set of photographs, taken in 1922, of the River Lea at Springfield Park, East London, was the starting point for another striking investigation, *Photographic Exhibits*, on **The Eleventh Hour** (C4). The film took the form of a conversational enquiry in which Kay Adshead pieced together their significance from contemporary accounts, occasionally surprising herself with unexpected animation of the photos by means of black-and-white film of the spot today. It seemed a syphilitic older man may or may not have poisoned his pregnant girlfriend near here: 'The place was evidence . . . the river had witnessed . . . What?' Well, it was too long ago for the river to remember exactly, but the dramatised case made vivid illustration of the terrible sanctions brought to bear on illicit sex as recently as 1922.

The second film, *Property Rites*, was more complex, but again it took the form of a casual enquiry by two women which gradually gathered implications and relevance as it went along. The victim this time was Mary Ashford, raped and murdered in 1817. Her gravestone included the words 'Having incautiously ventured to a public place of entertainment without due protection', a coarse public warning which fuelled the women's curiosity. They start to wander about the scene of the crime and in the process speculate about the meaning of rape and their own feelings on the case, while having a goodly number of drinks, it seems. We soon get the idea that something more than the fate of the unfortunate Mary Ashford is being discussed here.

At a loss for explanations they call in a historian who tells them that in the period of repression following the Terror in France and the beginnings of the Industrial Revolution, girls coming into the cities for the first time would have found that the traditional rural toleration of premarital sex had disappeared in the repressive atmosphere of Anglican reform: 'Women were considered the property of men and rape as theft: not theft from women, but theft from another man.' Having thus established its terms of reference, the film came out of the closet with its real subject, the modern-day rape of the girl reporter by her history (sic) professor (sic) but from its disjointed tone I took this to be a true element.

The film was on the long side, with no 'sense of an ending', perhaps deliberately. But it was brilliantly conceived and held together by a daring portrayal of casual conversation out of which revelation and inspiration were allowed to spring naturally. □

Weekend competition

No 2866 **Set by A. Boteman**

Wanted: conversations in the Elysian Fields between T.E. Shaw and GBS, Sydney Smith and Stevie Smith, or any other two shades with the same surname. Max 150 words by 10 April.

No 2863 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

Exchanges between subscribers and Dial-An-Insult.

Report **By Di Dact**

The less said about this week's entries the better. Perhaps it was asking too much of you to be both abusive and witty — though even Sir Winston Churchill didn't find it *entirely* impossible — but whatever the cause those entries below are the (passable) best of a (very) bad bunch. Seven pounds each to their authors. And 20 times round the games pitch for the rest of you horrible mob.

This is a recorded denouncement:

Look, you weasel-faced wanker, do you realise what sort of emotional cripple you have to be to ring this number? Let me tell you: I should think you're probably up to your disgusting armpits in masochism or some other kind of ritual abasement, but too pusillanimous to take the real thing. Pu-sill-an-i-mous, for God's sake; are you illiterate as well?

You're probably a telephone-fetishist too. Aha, struck home, did it? What are you doing with it right now? I'm going to have to disinfect *this* end when I've finished with you. STOP PLAYING WITH YOURSELF!

That is all. You now have a ten-second right of reply. Start imprecating when you hear the tone.

NOEL PETTY

Good morning, I'm...

What's good about it?

Well, it's just a form of words.

Oh, a form of words is it? Very articulate, very precise. I suppose you're a professor of linguistics at the Sorbonne. A form of words! People like you make me want to vomit on the carpet; you get right up my nose with your Melvyn Bragg and your Channel 4 and your *Guardian* Agenda and your 'Good Morning' and your Volvo in the drive and your Save-the-GLC sticker and your full-size portrait of Hermione Lee in the loo...

Actually I read the Daily Telegraph *and ride a bicycle.*

Shut up you little toad, you crawling viper, you... would you like to pay by Access or Barclaycard?

NICHOLAS MURRAY

Hello. Is that...?

Belt up you child pornographer, you backstreet lobotomist. You Saatchi brothers copywriter, you *Guardian*-buying *Express*-reading hypocrite.

Is that...?

You make me vomit: filthy, Y-front wearing, Downing Street spokesperson; cozening strike-breaker; phone-tapping grass; whitewashing vituperative high-court judge.

Hallo... I'm...

You patch of eczema, you boil, you pustule, you swelling haemorrhoid, you sarcoma. You bed-farting fashion photographer, you piss-breeches left-wing millionaire barrister.

Operator, I...

Get off the line, you Calvinistic prig, you monetarist thug, before I trace your number and come round and stick your head up your none-too-savoury arsehole!

Hallo, operator. I seem to have a crossed line. I'm trying to get Dial-an-Insult.

GERARD BENSON

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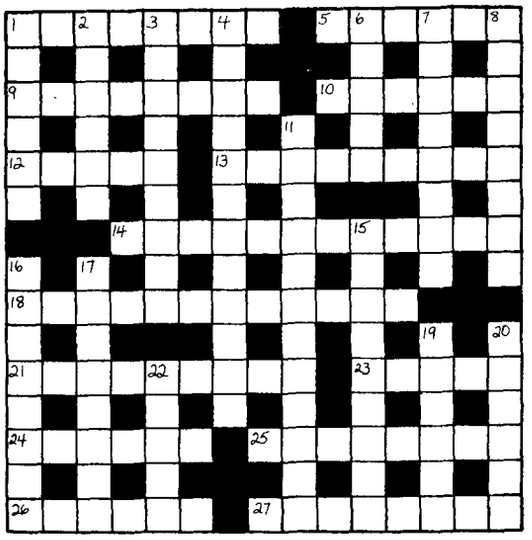
Weekend Crossword 1474

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1474, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 9 April.



Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

ACROSS

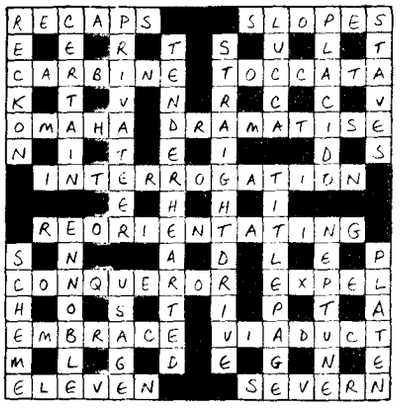
1. Wore drab untidy clothing (8)
5. Rough but provided with some comfort underfoot (6)
9. Sweet fruit coming before the fall (8)
10. A Roman emperor but without breathing (6)
12. Not mine but given half to a successor (5)
13. Resolve to stop means of production (9)
14. Plans of supersonic powers? (12)
18. Two old comedians are in town (12)
21. In Berlin Grace hits out (9)
23. A father but not necessarily three times over (5)
24. Take no notice of a wild region (6)
25. It sounds dull when a point is made in a debate by an individual (8)
26. Rushed back before there was trouble in the channel (6)
27. In the water among slimmer seductive women (8)

DOWN

1. Animal with a hole in its heart (6)
2. Wandered with me in the street (6)
3. During the holiday bread is scattered for a bird (9)
4. Make bold and shirty to be ready for a fight (12)
6. This wood would do for a bowler (5)
7. Order riding or metal frame (8)
8. Entertainer who makes a man take notice about us (8)
11. The substitute horseman has nowhere to sit (12)
15. Give someone a ring and then elope in disguise (9)
16. Unpleasant creature shows the company is involved with porn (8)
17. The inexperienced one has to pray for a good shot (8)
19. Condescends to make love during breaks in the journey (6)
20. The finder turns out to be an acquaintance (6)
22. One of famous trio would sacrifice nothing for an instrument (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1472



Prizewinners to 1472

Roger Byrne (Newtown Abbey, N. Ireland)
Mrs B. Gillson (High Wycombe, Bucks.)
A.J. Wyborn (Tunbridge Wells, Kent)

★ Classified Ads ★ Phone 01-251 5487 ★

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BUDLEIGH SALTERTON. Cottage overlooking mouth of River Otter and sea (2 mins). Sleeps 4. Gas, TV etc. From £80 p.w. 01-435 0171.

CHEAPEST FARES. Paris, Caracas, Port of Spain, Singapore, Sydney, Hong Kong, Jo'burg, Nairobi, Istanbul, anywhere. Fareplan, 60-66 Wardour Street, W1. 01-734 9772.

CUBA SPECIAL. Two weeks holiday including six day tour plus seven days hotel beach resort. Departing 7 April and 26 May. £595 per person. Must book now. Ashley Holidays, 131a Bawtry Rd, Wickersley, Rotherham. 0709 543626.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108.

Why not visit somewhere really different this year?

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Regent Holidays, 66 Regent Street, Shanklin, Isle of Wight PO37 7AE. Tel: 098386 4212/4225

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YUGOSLAVIA . . .£165, 26 May-7 June.
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25 May-2 June.
PEKING. . . Out by plane, return by train £745.
1-21 May, 15 May-4 June

SUMMER ATTRACTIONS

MOSCOW BY TRAIN . . .£190.
11 day holidays leaving every Tuesday from 9 July to 17 September.
ORIENT EXPRESS to the BLACK SEA . . .£155.
Dates as Moscow plus 25 June-5 July, 2-12 July
KIEV by train £180
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LAKE BALATON & BUDAPEST. . . £180
9-19 July, 13-23 July

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Rent or exchange a family home in **Holl., France, Italy, Europe, USA,** etc. Large internat. circle of teachers, MDs. Letting of your (2nd) home, paying guest arrang. also possible. **Drs N.S. Binkhuysen, Home Holidays, POB 279, 1900 AG Castricum/Holland.**

PURSUITS

WANTED: FEMALE pen-pal. Professional, 35-year-old male, well-educated, athletic, seeks similar female as a pen-pal. Write: Bob Cahill, 110 N. Wacker, Chicago, Illinois 60606, USA.

GENERAL SERVICES

QUALITY TYPING. English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617.

SCRIPTS TYPED. Experienced playscript typist. Rates negotiable. 01-892 8874.

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APPOINTMENTS

CAMPAIGN FOR NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT
GENERAL SECRETARY

Britain's fastest growing campaigning organisation requires a General Secretary responsible for policy implementation and co-ordination, with proven organisational and management skills. Experience in non-commercial organisation(s), and commitment to the campaign. For an application form and detailed job description ring: **Judith Hanna, 01-263 0977**

Closing date for completed applications Friday 19th April.

CND operates a policy of pay parity, with salary currently **£7,932** per annum, including London Weighting. Job related expenses are paid.

We welcome your application which will be considered on merit, irrespective of race, marital status or sex.

NATIONAL COUNCIL FOR CIVIL LIBERTIES

The NCCL is looking for a full-time **Legal Assistant/Information Worker** to develop and support office information systems, and to provide administrative help to NCCL's Legal Department. The post would be suitable for a person with particular interest in black and minority ethnic issues.

Legal background not essential. Keyboard skills necessary as is a willingness to learn new technology skills. Information and communication skills useful.

Part GLC funded. **Salary £8,864 p.a. (under review).** Holiday 22 + 4. LVs.

For application form and job description send large S.A.E. to: *NCCL, 21 Tabard Street, London SE1 4LA.*

Closing date 12 April 1985.

BANKING INSURANCE AND FINANCE UNION
RESEARCH ASSISTANT

The Banking Insurance and Finance Union is readvertising a vacancy which has arisen for a Research Assistant in the Research Department of the Union.

The work of the department is an essential part of the Union's service to its members and covers the wide range of matters relevant to their employment.

Formal qualifications are not essential, but proven ability, experience of trade union work and knowledge of industrial relations or relevant subject areas would be an advantage.

The position is based at the Union's headquarters in Wimbledon. Commencing salary is £9,860 per annum and application forms can be obtained from **The Research Officer, BIFU, 17 Hillside, Wimbledon, London SW19 4NJ. Tel. 01-946 9151.**

Closing date for receipt of completed application forms is **19 April 1985.**

Previous applicants need not apply.

BIFU is an equal opportunities employer.

VACANCY FOR HEALTH AND SAFETY OFFICER

Applications are invited for the position of Health and Safety Officer at the ASTMS Health and Safety Office in Bishop's Stortford, Herts. This is a Divisional Officer post and will carry the appropriate responsibility and authority. The appointee will be responsible to the National Executive Council for the management of the Association's health and safety resources and for carrying out the Association's health and safety policy. He/she will manage the existing Health and Safety office and will be responsible for the preparation and development of health and safety material and documents. Some teaching will be required.

The position will be subject to a probationary period. **The salary is £13,474 increasing to £13,924.**

Some evening and weekend involvement is required.

Application forms are obtainable from the General Secretary, ASTMS, 79 Camden Road, London NW1 9ES. The closing date for receipt of completed application forms is Monday 15 April 1985.

CENTRE FOR ALTERNATIVE TECHNOLOGY
in Machynlleth
ADMINISTRATOR/INFORMATION OFFICER

Don't be put off by the job title — this is an exciting and creative job for someone who is good at admin., has basic secretarial skills, and is concerned about people and the environment. Need based salary range from £3,400 to £6,200. For further details, write or phone **Pete Raine, NCAT, Machynlleth, Powys. Phone 0654 2400.** Closing date **30 April.** *Women are particularly invited to apply.*

THE BLACKIE

is looking for full-time members of staff. Able to share responsibility and administration for cultural project; work with young; stand long hours and the inner city; commit themselves to twelve months or more.

We offer accommodation, a small wage and endless opportunities to learn and create.

Send 25p in stamps for information and application form to:
Great Georges Community Cultural Project (The Blackie), Great George Street, Liverpool 1. Tel. 051 709 5109.

RESEARCH OFFICER

In Research Department of International organisation concerned with Southern Africa, *to work primarily on Namibia, but* also on South Africa.

The appointment will be on 1 May or as soon after as possible.

Applications with a c.v. should be submitted by 15 April.

Further details: Box (13) 0563

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), *Abford House*, 15 Wilton Road, *London* SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE SELECTION. Westminster North Labour Party would welcome applications for nominations as parliamentary candidate, as soon as possible. Closing date for nominations — 7 May. Most branches meet second week April. Westminster North policy is to recommend that all affiliates only nominate women or members of ethnic minorities and we have instructed our Executive to regard this as the key factor when shortlisting. Party members are asked to apply accordingly, in particular those who are manual workers. Details (with 50 copies if possible) to Jen McClelland, 39 Chippenham Road, London W9 2AH. Further information: 01-286 9692. *Potential candidates interested in meeting* Party members in an *informal atmosphere* are invited to the Labour Rooms, address above, from 6-7.30 pm, Tuesday 9 April.

WANTED: DEVELOPMENT ECONOMIST (Socialist) to help polish *finished material for* book publication. Box (13) 0558.

STATEMENT

NATIONALISATION IS state capitalism. The coal board is an institution of the capitalistclass. Capitalism is based on the exploitation of the working class by the capitalist class. It cannot be made fair. Socialists want a moneyless system of society with common ownership and democratically controlled production to meet human needs not profit. For free literature write: Socialist Party of GB, 52 Clapham High St, London SW4 7UN. Phone 01-622 3811.

HEARTSEARCH

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

ARIES, 45, 6', *married, co-director, enjoys* good food, company, fun, seeks lasting, caring relationship with woman 30-40, single or married. Norfolk/Suffolk. Box (13) 0549.

ATTRACTIVE (?) divorced female lecturer, 32, convinced there's more to life than kids and work! Seeks professional, solvent, humorous, intelligent Merseyside man to prove same. Box (12)0510.

ATTRACTIVE, HUMOROUS female, 34, seeks similar male (possibly Jewish, possibly not) as interested in music, *literature*, cinema, theatre and politics as she is. (London). Box (13)0526.

CAMBS-DIVORCEE, *likes theatre, music, literature, visual arts, good food, intelligent* conversation, gardening, swimming, fun, seeks tall, cultured man, 45-60, for warm, caring relationship. Box (13)0533.

CREATIVE MALE (28), interests: cinema, books, music (Joy Division, Smiths, Cocteau Twins, to Latin Plainchant), pubs, talking, listening, seeks female, 20-35ish (could be a single parent) for friendship, possibly permanent relationship, *Manchester area*. Box (12)0496.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, *spontaneous affairs and firm*, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

HUMOROUS, ARTICULATE wimp, probably (but not necessarily), 40-50, sought by divorced, professional (but shy) non-smoking, non-outdoor type slim(ish) woman, London. Usual interests: arts, food, home-life and *left(ish) politics*. Box (13)0534.

INDEPENDENT ARTS graduate, divorcee, youthful fifties, considered attractive, missing companionship and intimacy, seeks personable, solvent man, preferably tall, 35-55, London and nearby Counties. Please write fully. Recent photograph and phone number appreciated. Box (13)0532.

INTELLIGENT HUMOROUS MALE, 22, *new to London, shy and very lonely, seeks attractive* female for fun-filled outings. Meaningful relationship anticipated. Box (13) 0561.

LADY COMPANION sought by gentleman, 50, for mutually satisfying company and hopefully, fun times together, preferably of a sensual, loving, warm and caring nature. London area. Box (13)0528.

LADY PRACTICE manager, early forties, slim, fair, wishes to meet a mature gentleman in a related profession, either here or abroad, for *future marriage. Interests* classical music, theatre, travel. Box (13) 0553.

LINKLINE
International introductions.
Friendship/marriage. All ages, and all areas.
Confidential caring matching (also special Jewish section).
39 Montpelier Grove, London NW5
01-267 4609 (seven days)

LONDON LADY, 37, prof., creative, tall, slim, *attractive*, lively. Missing loving relationship. Unable to have children. Seeks caring single dad to love, cherish and be part of family. Anywhere. Box (13) 0559.

LONDON MALE, *40s, interests general,* countryside, conversations, doing things together, science etc., seeks interesting, attractive, broadminded female, possibly with business or academic background, view *serious relationship. Box (13) 0529.*

LONESOME TRAVELLER, male, 40; run out of miles and luck, wishes to meet sophisticated lady to put the 'oo' in Typhoo etc. Box (13) 0562.

MALE, 43, 5' 10", graduate, socialist and active trade unionist. Separated, seeks lively, attractive, 30s female for friendship/relationship. West Yorkshire area. Write and tell me about yourself. Box (12)0499.

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MALE GRADUATE linguist, young 50, living in Peterborough area, interested in almost everything except party politics — non-smoker, anxious to meet slim, intelligent woman with sense of humour, 35/45, and not too many hang-ups. Photo welcomed. Box (12)0501.

MATURE MAN, late 50s, lonely after devastating run of bad luck, seeks female, 45 +, to live for. Sincere replies only. Box (13) 0560.

MIDDLE-CLASS PROFESSIONAL woman, slim, feminine, youthful, early fifties, needing someone special again to love and share her life. Seeking tall, personable, professional man/graduate/fifties, with enthusiasm for life and not right wing. Box (13) 0547.

PRESENTABLE YORKSHIRE-based man, non-sexist, young 45, in open marriage, seeks woman who also has love to spare, for open friendship (dining, theatre, music?), hopefully more. Box (12)0512.

SHEFFIELD PROFESSIONAL woman, early 40s, interests left politics, CND, rambling, conservationism, etc., seeks male company for intellectual pursuits and mutual development. May be more. Will consider moving if necessary. Box (13) 0546.

SUNNY, CHATTY, but very sane woman would appreciate the company of a nice, intelligent, gentle man. (Preferred age about 35 to 45). Box (13)0524.

THE MARRIAGE BUREAU (Heather Jenner), 124 New Bond St, W1. 01-629 9634. Individual attention.

WANTED — ATTRACTIVE female companion to tour the Continent. Option of working in USA. Photo and inquiries to: 3208 Cahuenga W 24, Hollywood, CA 90068, USA.

WAVING NOT DROWNING. . .volatile, very independent London woman early 30s. Said attractive, eccentric, theatre & writing career. Sad inside. Cut off from people for 4 years. Asking gentle, undemanding male hand back. Pref. older & wiser so can giggle and be silly. Box (13)0527.

WOMAN, 31, tall, fair, intelligent, Welfare-Rights worker, Jewish background, reflective, Guardianish, non-smoker, likes exotic foods, travel, Radio 4, fresh air, Posy Simmonds, books, seeks man, non-sexist (yet hunky) for lively conversation, laughing, maybe a baby. West Yorkshire, anywhere, any nationality. Box (13)0525.

EASTER AD. DEADLINE 11.30 am Mon 1 April

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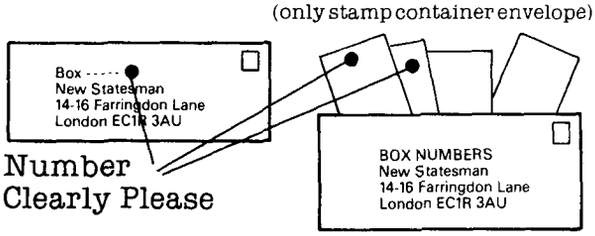

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Post Coupon to: **Classified Dept., New Statesman, FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB**

LISTINGS

THURS 28 MAR

LONDON 'Self-defence is No Offence: defend the Newham 7' SE London Newham 7 Supporters' Grp. Public Meeting. 8pm Deptford Town Hall, New Cross, SE14. Spkrs. from: Newham 7, NUM Black Miners' Grp., local Black & Labour Movements. **Details: Graham Usher, SE London Newham 7 Support Grp., E. Lewisham Labour Club, Limes Hall, Limes Grove, Lewisham SE13.**

SAT 30 MAR

LONDON Taking on Transnationals — Conf. 10am-5.30pm London Technology Network, 86-100 St Pancras Way, NW1. Workshops incl. food industry, banking, privatisation, etc. Adm. £3/£1.50 UB40. Wheelchair access, food, creche. **Org. Transnationals Info. Centre, 54 Ayres St, SE1. 01-403 7550.**

MON 1 APR

LONDON History Workshop Seminar: Mark Karlin 'History & Creation of national identity in Revolutionary Nicaragua'. 7.30pm The White Swan, 14 New Row, WC2.

TUES 2 APR

SALFORD 'Ireland and the British Labour Movement — Lessons from the Miners' Strike'. Public meeting org. by Labour Cttee. on Ireland. 7.30pm AUEW, The Crescent, Salford, Manchester. Spkrs. incl. Paul Hardman (Agecroft) June Humphries, Margaret Shukla (miners wives on delegation to Ireland). NUM video on police. **Details: 061 442 9321.**

WED 3 APR

ORPINGTON 'Prospects for Nuclear Disarmament offered by Liberal Party' by Jonathan Fryer, prospective Liberal candidate. 8pm Small Village Hall, Orpington High St. **Details: CND Orpington 71218.**

FRI 5 APR

MOLESWORTH 'Defend Molesworth against Cruise' 10am sponsored marches leave **STEVENAGE, LEICESTER, CAMBRIDGE.** Register in advance with CND or join marches along the route. **EASTER SUNDAY:** Arrive Molesworth early evening. Light up the base through the night. Bring candles, torches. **EASTER MONDAY:** Ring the base. Bring bells, etc. 2pm Mass planting of pennants. **Org. CND, 11 Goodwin St, London, N4 3HQ.**

SAT 6 APR

BIRMINGHAM 'Countdown to Star Wars' public meeting with Bishop Montefiore, Lord Brockway, Oliver Postgate, Dr. Will Howard, Dr. Julie Dahlitz. 2pm-4.30pm George Cadbury Hall, Bristol Rd, Selly Oak. Adm. Free. **Details: World Disarmament Campaign, 238 Camden Rd, London, NW1 9HE. 01-485 1067.**

CARDIFF 'Radical Television?' — wkend of screenings, seminars, discns. 'Regions & Nations', 'Interventions political & popular'. Spkrs. incl. Karl Francis, G.F. Newman, Diverse Reports, 20-20 Vision, Amber Films. Sessions on 'Radical Alternatives' & S4C. **Details: Chapter Film Workshop 0222 396061.**

FORTHCOMING

13 APR LONDON Labour Cttee. on Ireland Social. Live Irish music, poetry. 8pm Calthorpe Arms, Calthorpe St, EC1. (5 mins. Kings X). Adm. £1.50p/50p UB40.

13 APR COUNTRYWIDE Protest against McDonald's and other burger places. Contact London Greenpeace, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1.

14 APR LONDON Labour Cttee. on Ireland AGM 10am County Hall, SE1. Spkrs. incl. Clare Short MP, Christine Crawley MEP on 'The strategy for British withdrawal'. John McDonnell (Dep. Leader GLC), Dr. Maire O'Shea on 'Irish in Britain'. Disabled access, creche. Open to all Labour Party supporters.

19 APR LONDON 'Poverty — a crisis for babies' Maternity Alliance Conf. Royal College of Obstetricians, 27 Sussex Pl, NW1. Apply to Sue Hunt, Maternity Alliance, 59-61 Camden High St, NW1 7JL.

26 APRIL MOLESWORTH Peace Camp. Cycle rides from all over Britain will converge on USAF Molesworth. SE Ride starts in London on 22nd Apr with full back-up. (Money raised is for OXFAM & Campaign Against Arms Trade.) **Details: Ride for Life, C/O Brixton Cycles, 433 Coldharbour La, SW9 01-671 1965/733 6055.**

27 APRIL LONDON Preparation Meeting for UN Conf. on Women Nairobi 1985. 1-6pm Tolmers Sq Community Centre, Foundry Mews, NW1. Women only. Disabled access/creche/refreshments. **Details: King's X Women's Centre, 71 Tonbridge St, WC1. 01-837 7509.**

27 APR JORDANS (Bucks) 'Christian Peacemaking in a divided Europe' 10am-5pm Village Hall. Spkrs. incl. Jan Ter Laak (Pax Christi, Netherlands) on Poland; Peter Jarman (Quakers) on USSR; Stephen Tunnicliffe (Anglican) on Hungary. Registration Fee £4/£1.50 UB40 to **Stephen Tunnicliffe for END, 4 The Square, Clun, Shropshire SY7 8JA. 058-84398.**

11-12 MAY MANCHESTER 55th Annual Gen. Meeting of Socialist Health Assoc. **Details: 01-703 6838/701 4706.**

14 MAY CROYDON CND Meeting on Trident 8pm Ruskin House, 23 Combs Rd. Details: Croydon CND 01-651 1891.

18 MAY KEELE Computers in Sociology & Social Studies Teaching. 10.30am-4.30pm Dept. of Education, Uni. of Keele. **Details: Denis Gleeson, Dept. of Education, Uni. of Keele, Staffs. ST5 5BG.**

18 MAY CARLISLE Green Fair — to promote caring attitude to environment 10am-4pm Market Hall, Fisher St. **Details: Pat Williams Wigton 43190.**

18 MAY LONDON 'Beyond NATO' CND dayschool County Hall, SE1. Spkrs. incl. Bruce Kent, Jonathan Porritt. **Registration: £3/£1 UB40 to Linda Churnside, C/O 11 Goodwin St, N4 by 8th May.**

18 MAY WAKEFIELD 'You can always have another one!' study day for women who have suffered miscarriages, Health Professionals interested in care and counselling, all those interested in this socially taboo subject. 10am-4pm Treacy Hall, adjacent Wakefield Cathedral. Spkrs. incl. Dr. Peter Huntingford (BBC 'Birthright' programme). Dr. Barbara Pickard PhD. **Tickets from Secretary, Miscarriage Assoc, c/o Dolphin Cottage, 4 Ashfield Terrace, Thorpe, Nr. Wakefield. Phone: Leeds 828946.**

29 MAY ALCONBURY to MOLESWORTH E. & S. Midlands regional day of action to defend Molesworth. March from Alconbury to 'gate party' at main contractors' gate. **Details: Nottingham Defend Molesworth Grp, CND, Unit B, 14-18 St. Mary's Gate, Lace Market, Nottingham. 0602 581948.**

29 JUNE OXFORD Festival for Peace. Tickets £4 in advance (£5.50/£3 UB40 on day). Children free. **Details: Steve Loach Oxford Peace Festival 1985, 12 Southfield Rd. 0865 244961.**

30 JUNE NOTTINGHAM 'Welfare not Warfare' Picnic at RAF Newton — 500-bed contingency hospital for USAF. **Details: Peace Action Network, CND, Unit B, 14-18 St. Mary's Gate, Lace Market, Nottingham 0602 581948.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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New Socialist

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Perspectives on the miners' strike: John Field, Andrew Gamble, Mark Hollingsworth, Doreen Massey, Raphael Samuel, Gareth Stedman Jones and Hilary Wainwright.

Black South Africa divided: Thami Mazwai on Bishop Tutu and the divided politics of black resistance; Johannes Rantete, a factory worker's son, on his community's bloody uprising against apartheid.

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CONFERENCE

ALTERNATIVES TO CONFRONTATION IN THE UK.

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This conference will deal with conciliation in the fields of: Criminal Justice, Industrial Relations, and The Family.

Speakers: Laurie Taylor, Lisa Parkinson, Tony Marshall and Pat Lowry (Chair of ACAS)

Mon 15 April,
Royal Horticultural Hall,
Victoria.
Details: Martin Farrell,
37 Royal St.,
London SE1 7LL

MEETINGS

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday 31 Mar. 8 p.m. Informal Q/A Meeting 'Death and After'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

Chelsea CLP
TAM DALYELL MP
PONTING AND THE BELGRANO
FALKLANDS, MURRELL, THATCHERGATE?
7.30 p.m., Tuesday 2 April, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn WC1 (nearest Tube: Holborn)
Fresh light on the coverup of the century — *don't* be 'away on holiday at the time.' Questions and discussion.

'A war was made,
A price was paid,
In blood and in dishonour,
People cheered the conner,
Until [illegible] ed,
Lik[illegible] erged,
To [illegible] name
Up[illegible]

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GLASGOW UNIVERSITY
CENTRE FOR
SOCIALIST THEORIES & MOVEMENTS
INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE

HAS SOCIALISM A FUTURE?

8 – 12 APRIL 1985
GLASGOW UNIVERSITY : ADAM SMITH BUILDING

Conference Theme: European Social Democratic attempts to regulate market economy within the world division of labour to the advantage of the working-class seem to have exhausted their promise and potential. Do the 1983 election results of Britain and Germany represent popular recognition of this? The USSR is widely regarded, domestically and abroad, as representing no 'model' of socialism. If this is all true does it vindicate the Mises-Hayek thesis that socialism is impossible? Or on the other hand, does it vindicate the thesis of Marx that between the market and the society of freely associated producers there is no third way?

Socialist Political Strategy
LEO PANITCH
IMMANUAL WALLERSTEIN
BERTELL OLLMAN
NIGEL HARRIS

Nature of Socialist Society
MICHAEL BARRATT BROWN
MICHAEL LÖWY
G.A.E. SMITH

Philosophy of Socialism
CHRIS ARTHUR
ANDREW GAMBLE
TED NINNIS
SCOTT MEIKLE

Transition from Market to Socialist Society
ISTVAN MESZAROS
ERNEST MANDEL
HILLEL TICKTIN
MILTON FISK

Socialist Society and the Market
RICHARD B. DAY
ALEX CALLINICOS
SIMON MOHUN
DIANE ELSON

Crisis of Social Democracy
SIMON CLARKE
A. GUNDER FRANK
GEOFF PILLING
JAMES PETRAS

For further details and registration form please write to: Conference Organiser, Centre for Socialist Theory & Movements, c/o Philosophy Dept., Glasgow University, Glasgow G12 8QQ, UK.
Tel. 041 339 8855 x 300 or 041 334 6445

CONDEMN THE SRI LANKAN state terrorism and to express solidarity with the Tamil speaking people, General Union of Eelam students organises an 'International Evening'. Programme includes Solidarity Messages, international groups of musicians and dancers. Saturday 30 March 1985 6.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1.

PROSPECTS FOR PEACE in the Middle East — 1985. An Open Meeting to be held at Friends House, Euston Road, London NW1, at 8 p.m. 2 April. Quaker Middle East Representatives Ron Young and Carol Jensen will speak. Org. Quaker Peace & Service. Further details: 01-387 3601 x 34.

FINANCIAL

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If so, read on...

The Theatre of Black Women is looking for eight black women writers to include in our next production for adults. The show will begin touring London from October 1985 and will be a collage effect involving the writings of eight black women. There will be eight black actresses and musicians. The final product will include poetry, short stories, sketches and songs. We are also looking for scripts that are complete or in progress.

All the writing that is submitted will be read by black women only, who are involved in theatre and music.

Any woman who is interested in submitting her writing is very welcome to come and meet the black women who will be reading her material before she makes a decision to send it in.

We are looking for a wide variety of material as we aim to show a wide spectrum of black women's lives.

So... If you write poetry, short stories, dialogue, sketches, songs or plays please send your work in to: Theatre of Black Women, PO Box 6, 136 Kingsland High Street, Dalston London E8 or contact us on 01-806 4541 or 01-249 7266.
Deadline for material is May 1st 1985.

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